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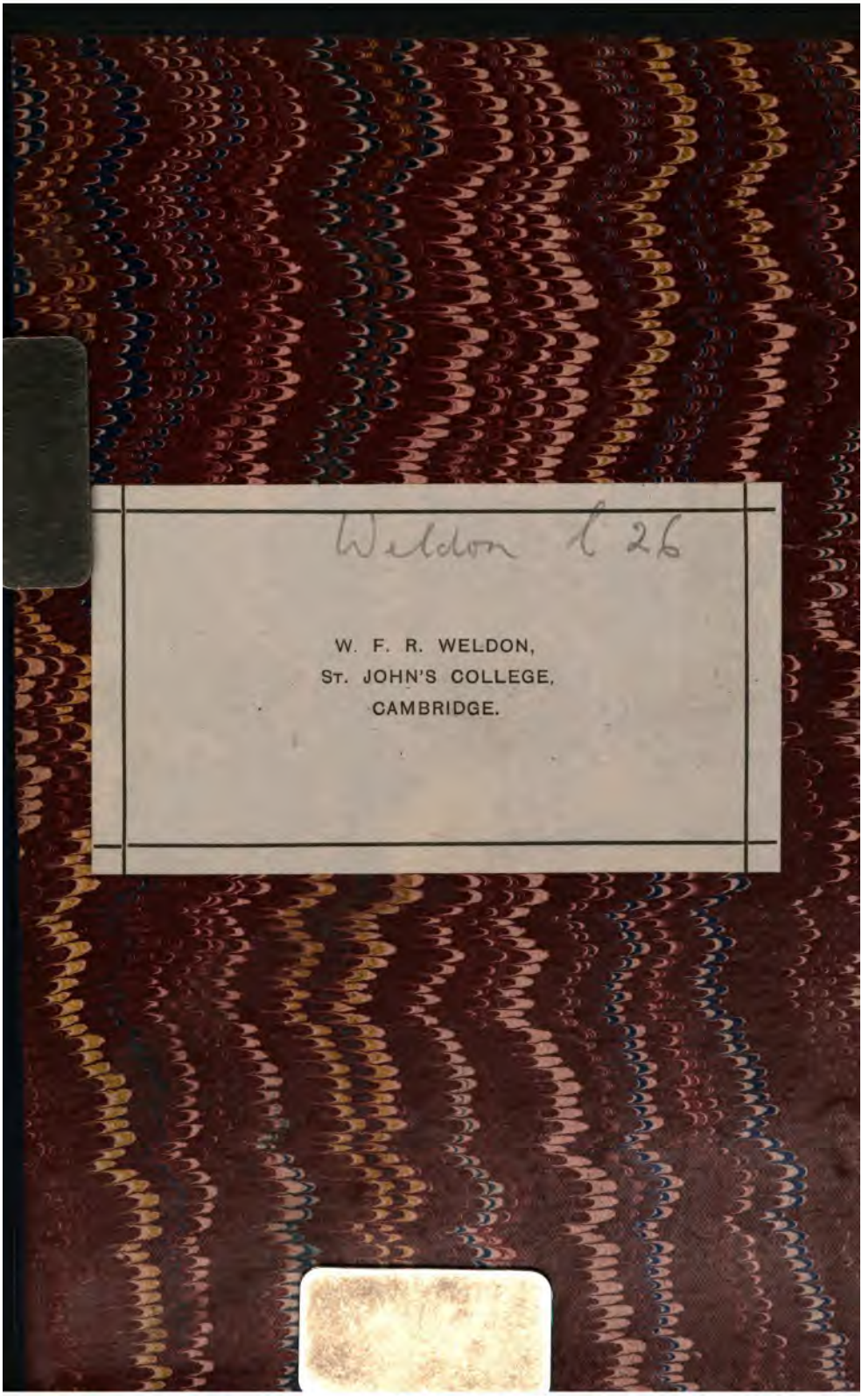
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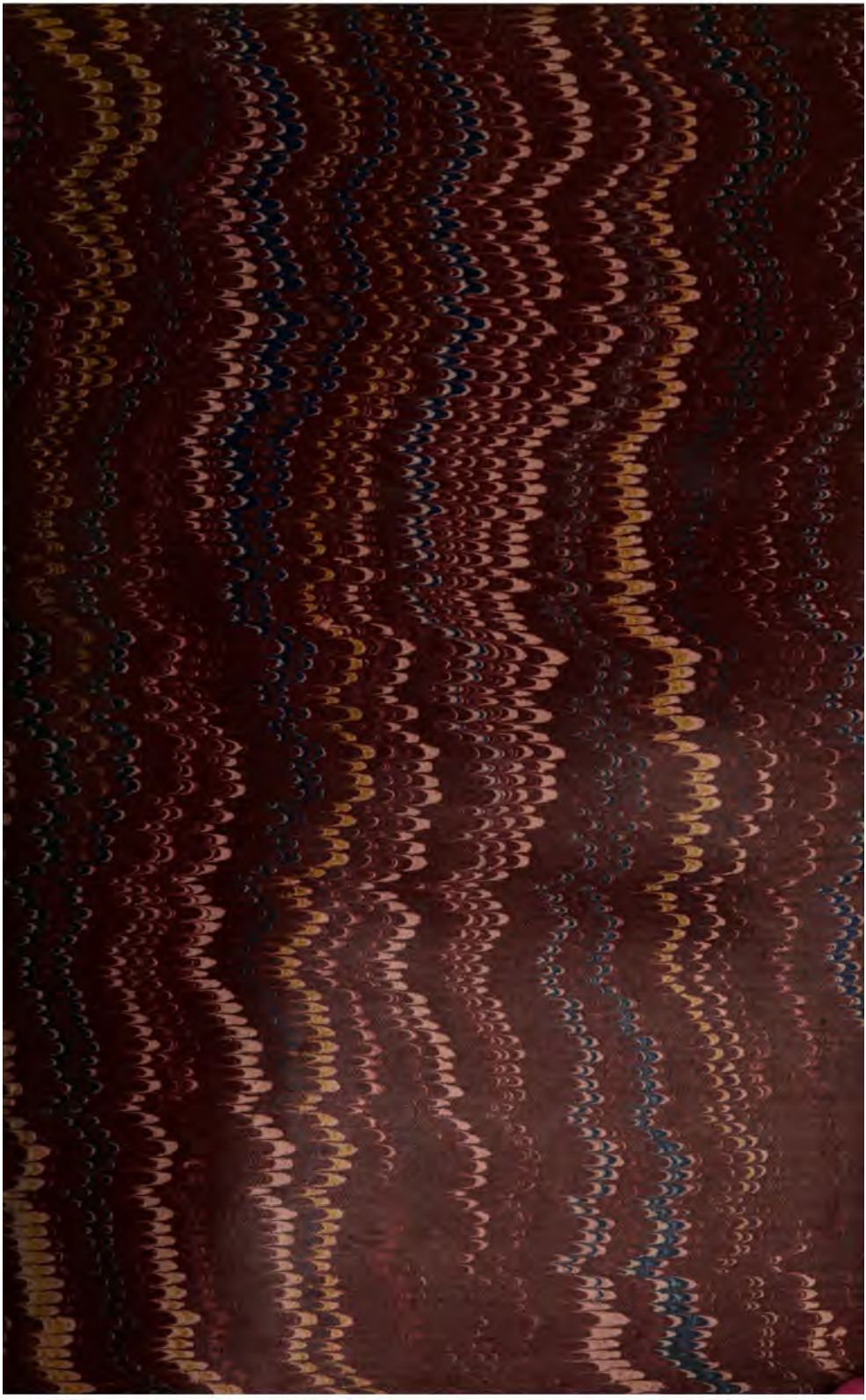

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EDITED BY

John Ruskin,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

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Alexander D. O. Wedderburn,

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W. Gershom Collingwood.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE Athenian writing, here presented to Saxon readers, is the first of a series of classic books which I hope to make the chief domestic treasures of British peasants. But to explain the tenor, and show the grounds, of this hope, I must say in what sense the word 'classic' may be rightly applied to Books, and the word 'peasant' to Britons.

The word 'classic,' when justly applied to a book, means that it contains an unchanging truth, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written, to express it.

'Unchanging' or 'eternal' truth, is that which relates to constant,—or at least in our human experience constant,—things; and which, therefore,

though foolish men may long lose sight of it, remains the same through all their neglect, and is again recognized as inevitable and unalterable, when their fit of folly is past.

The books which in a beautiful manner, whether enigmatic or direct, contain statements of such fact, are delighted in by all careful and honest readers; and the study of them is a necessary element in the education of wise and good men, in every age and country.

Every nation which has produced highly trained Magi, or wise men, has discerned, at the time when it most flourished, some part of the great system of universal truth, which it was then, and only then, in the condition to discern completely; and the books in which it recorded that part of truth remain established for ever; and cannot be superseded: so that the knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built, pinnacle after pinnacle, on the foundation of these adamant stones of ancient soul. And it is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air: but on the already high-storied temple

of the thoughts of our ancestors; in the crannies and under the eaves of which we are meant, for the most part, to nest ourselves like swallows; though the stronger of us sometimes may bring, for increase of height, some small white stone, and in the stone a new name written. Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past.

The classical * scriptures and pictures hitherto produced among men have been furnished mainly by five cities, namely, Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, and London,—the history of which cities it is therefore necessary for all well-trained scholars to know. Hitherto, by all such scholars, it has indeed been partially known; but by help

* As distinct from inspired. I do not know, and much wiser people than I do not know, what writings are inspired, and what are not. But I know, of those I have read, which are classical,—belonging to the eternal senate; and which are not.

of recent discoveries we may now learn these histories with greater precision, and to better practical advantage; such practical issue being our first aim in the historical classes instituted in the schools of the society called 'of St. George.'

These schools, as elsewhere explained, (see Fors Clavigera for August 1871, page 14,) are for the education of British peasants* in all knowledge proper to their life, distinguished from that of the burger only as the office of each member of the body is distinct from the others on which it nevertheless vitally depends. The unloving separation between country and town life is a modern barbarism: in classic times, cities never were, or will be, separate in interest from the countries they rule; but are their heart and sanctifying force.

The Metropolis is properly the city in which the chief temple of the nation's God is built; (cathedral cities being minor branches of the living whole). Thither the tribes go up, and under the

* Or sailors: but it remains questionable with me at present how far the occupation of entire life on the sea is desirable for any man: and I do not here therefore make any distinction.

shield, and in the loving presence, of their Deity, the men of highest power and truest honour are gathered to frame the laws, and direct the acts, of State.

Modern theologians, with proud sense of enlightenment, declare, in denial of these ancient imaginations, that God is everywhere. David and Solomon, even in their days of darkness, were not ignorant of this; yet designed and built a local temple to the God who, if they went up into Heaven was there; if they made their bed in Hell, was there also. And if the promise of the One who was greater than the Temple be fulfilled; and, where two or three are gathered in His name, there He is in the midst of them, with a more than universal Presence,—how much more must it be fulfilled where *many* are gathered in His name; and those gathered always; and those the mightiest of the people; and those mightiest, to judge its most solemn judgments, and fulfil its fatefullest acts;—how surely, I repeat, must their God be always, with a more than universal Presence, in the midst of these?

Nor is it difficult to show, not only that the virtue and prosperity of these five great cities

above named have been always dependent on, or at least contemporary with, their unquestioning faith that a protecting Deity had its abode in their Acropolis, their Capitol, and their cathedral churches of St. Mary, St. Mark, and St. Peter; but that the whole range of history keeps no record of a city which has retained power after losing such conviction. From that moment, its activities become mischievous,—its acquisitions burdensome,—and the multiplied swarms of its inhabitants disgrace the monuments of its majesty, like an ants' nest built in a skull.

The following noble passage out of the Fourth Book of the Laws of Plato expresses the ancient faith, and, I myself doubt not, the eternal fact, in the simplest terms.

(The Athenian speaks.) "As you say, shall it be done. Well then, we have received the fame of the blessed life of those then in being, how all things were without stint to them, and all things grew free. And the cause of these things is said to have been this, that Kronos, knowing, (as we before went through the story,) that no human

nature was so strong but that, if appointed itself alone to order human affairs, it must fill everything with insolence and injustice;—considering these things, I say, the God gave for the kings and rulers of cities, not men, but, of diviner and better race than men, angels; just as now we do ourselves for the flocks, and the herds of all creatures that are tame: for we make not the ox lord of oxen, nor the goat of goats; and so, in like manner, the God, in His love to man, set a better race than ours above us,—that of the angels; which, to its own great joy and to ours, taking care of us, and giving us peace, and shame, and order, and full frankness of justice, made the races of men free from sedition, living in gladness. And this word, rich in usage of truth, goes on to say, that, for such cities as no angel, but a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and of pain."

Such being the state and sanctity of a city built at unity with itself, and with its God, the state and serenity of the peasant is in undivided peace with it. Withdrawn, either for delight or

for labour, from the concerns of policy, he lives under his figtree and vine; or in pastoral and blossomed land, flowing with milk and honey: confident in the guidance of his household gods, and rejoicing in the love of the Father of all, satisfying him with blessings of the breast and of the womb, and crowning him with fulness of the basket and the store.

All which conditions and beliefs have been, are, and will be to the end of this world, parts and causes of each other. Whatsoever life is in man, has arisen from them, consists in them, and prolongs them evermore. So far as these conditions exist, the world lives; so far as they perish, it perishes. By faith, by love, by industry, it endures: by infidelity, by hatred, and by idleness, it dies; and that daily; now around us, visibly, for the most part, lying in such dismal death; the temple of the city being changed into a den of thieves, and the fields of the country into a labouring ground of slaves.

How long the Holy and True Lord of Creation will endure these things to be so, none of us

can in anywise know. But the constant laws of that Creation, and the written tenor of His statutes, we can all of us, who will, both learn and obey. And the first of all these statutes is that by the sweat of the brow we shall eat bread: and the economy of the field is the first science, therefore, that we have in the course of righteous education, to learn. Which economy has been, in terms that cannot be mended, and will receive no addition, stated by an Athenian gentleman, a master at once of philosophy, of war, and of agriculture; and this statement two of my youthful scholars at Oxford—one English, the other Scottish,—in good love, and obedience to my wish, have translated, with painful addition to their own proper work at the University: and it is published in this spring-time, 1876, for the perpetual service of the peasantry of Britain, and of all countries where their language is, or may hereafter be known, and into which the happiness and honour of agricultural life may hereafter extend.

What it is needful for us to know, or possible

for us to conceive, of the life and mind of its author, can be known or imagined only so far as we recognize the offices of teaching entrusted to his country. I do not know enough of Greek history to be able to give any approach to a conclusive abstract of the mental relations of Greek districts to each other: but the scheme under which those relations are mapped out at present in my mind is one of many, good for first tenure of them. For it does not matter how many of the branches of any richly-growing tree of knowledge are laid hold of in the beginning, so only that you grasp what your hand has first seized, securely. Other gatherers will approach to bend more down from another side; all must be content to recognize that they touch, to begin with, few out of many, and can only after long patience trace the harmonious growth of all.

You will find, then, that it is useful in the outset to conceive the whole of Greek living soul as divided into three orders: the vocal, or Apolline, centred at Delphi; the constructive, or Athenian, centred at Athens; and the domestic, or Demetrian, centred at Sparta. These three

spiritual Powers taught the Greeks, (in brief terms,) Speech, Art, and Conduct.

The Delphic Power is Truth; its antagonist is the Python, the corrupting or deceiving Serpent.* The Athenian Power is the Grace of Deed; its antagonists, the giants, are the confusions of Deed. The Spartan Power is the Grace of Love; its adversary is the Betrayer of Love. The stories of Argos and Sparta contain the myths of this betrayal, of its punishment, and redemption. The ideal of simplest and happiest domestic life, is given for all time, and recognized as being so, in the later strength of the Peloponnese. Brief of syllable, and narrow of range, the Doric word and Arcadian reed remain measures of lowly truth in the words and ways of men.

This being the spiritual relation of the three great powers of Greece, their social relation, in respect of forms of government, of course necessarily follows from it. The Delphic power is the Greek Theocracy: expressing so much as God

* Falsehood in the moral world being what corruption is in the physical. Read Turner's picture of the death of the Python with that clue to its meaning.

had appointed that the Greeks should know of Him, by the mouths of Hesiod and Pindar. The Ionian or Attic race express all the laws of human government, developed in the highest states of human art. These are first founded on industry and justice in the dominion of Æacus over the ant-made race at Ægina, and on earth-born sagacity and humanity in the kingship of Cecrops; fulfilled in chivalric heroism by Codrus and Theseus, whose crowning victory is over the forms of evil involved and defended by the skilfullest art; and whose statue, the central labour of that art itself, has been appointed by Fate to remain the acknowledged culmen and model of human labour, to our own days: while, in their scriptures, the Ionian race recorded the two ideals of kingly passion and patience, in the stories of Achilles and Ulysses, (both under the sweet guidance of their own tutelar Goddess); the ideal of legal discipline,* under the dominion of the Cretan king

* Here, and in the world to come. The analysis of the three forms of impiety, and of due relative punishment, in the tenth book of the

Minos, whose daughter taught their hero the way of victory; and the final facts yet discovered by men respecting the connection of the state of the soul in future life, with its art and labour in that of the world.

To the hands of this race, in life, is entrusted the delivery of their country,* and to the work of their hands, its material immortality.

The third race, of the Isle of Shade, † gave example of such life as was best for uncultivated and simple persons, rendering such untaught life noble by the virtues of endurance and silence; their laws sanctified to them by the voluntary death of their lawgiver; and their authority over conduct, not vested in a single king, but in a dual power, expressive of such mutual counsel and restraint as must be wise in lowliness of

Laws, will be found to sum, or supersede, all later conclusions of wise human legislature on such matters.

* Plato rightly makes all depend on Marathon; but the opinions he expresses of Salamis, and of oarsmen in general, though, it seems to me, in great part unjust, ought yet to be carefully studied by the University crews.

† 'Isle of the Dark-faced.' Pelops; the key to the meaning of all its myths is the dream of Demeter at the feast of Tantalus.

estate and narrowness of instruction; this dual power being sanctified by the fraternal bond in the persons of the Dioscuri; and prolonged, in its consulting, or consular form, in the government of Rome, which is in Italy the Spartan, as Etruria the Attic power. Finally, both in Sparta and Rome the religion of all men remains in uninformed simplicity, setting example of the fulfilment of every domestic and patriotic duty for the sake of earthly love, and in obedience to the command of the dark, yet kind, Demeter, who promises no reward of pain, but honour, nor of labour, but peace.

Having fixed, then, clearly in our minds, the conception of this triple division of Greece, consider what measure of the perpetual or enduring knowledge of the earth has been written, or shown, by these three powers.

The Oracular, by the mouths of Hesiod and Pindar, set down the system of Theology which thenceforward was to fill and form the entire range of the scholarly intellect of man, as distinguished from the savage or pastoral.

The general ideals of the twelve great Gods,* of the Fates, Furies, Sibyls, and Muses, remain commandant of all action of human intellect in the spiritual world, down to the day when Michael Angelo, painting the Delphic and Cumæan sibyls in equal vaults with Zechariah and Isaiah on the roof of the Sistine Chapel; and Raphael, painting the Parnassus and the Theology on equal walls of the same chamber of the Vatican, so wrote, under the Throne of the Apostolic power, the harmony of the angelic teaching from the rocks of Sinai and Delphi. †

Secondly. The Athenian, or Constructive, Power determined the methods of art, and laws of ideal beauty, for all generations; so that, in their central

* Mr. Gladstone, in common with other passionately sentimenta scholars, does not recognize the power of Hesiod, thinking the theology of Greece to have been determined by Homer. Whereas Homer merely graces the faith of Greece with sweet legend, and splendid fiction; and though himself sincere, is the origin of wanton idealism in the future. But Hesiod and Pindar wrote the Athanasian Creed of the Greeks, not daring to dream what they did not wholly believe. What *they* tell us, is the Faith by which the Greeks lived, and prevailed, to this day, over all kingdoms of mind.

† Any reader acquainted with my former statements on this subject, (as for instance in page 107, vol. iii. 'Stones of Venice') will under-

code, they cannot be added to, nor diminished from. From the meanest earthen vessel to the statue of the ruler of Olympus, the fiat of the Greek artist is final; no poor man's water-pitcher can be shaped wisely otherwise than he bids; and the utmost raptures of imagination in the Christian labour of Giotto and Angelico are inflamed by his virtue, and restrained by his discretion.

Thirdly. The Demetrian, or Moral, Power set before men the standards of manly self-command, patriotic self-sacrifice, and absolute noblesse in scorn of pleasure, of wealth, and of life, for the sake of duty; and these in a type so high, that of late, in degraded Christendom, it has begun to be inconceivable. Even in her days of honour, her best saints exchanged the pleasures of the world for an equivalent, and died in the hope of an eternal joy. But the Spartan disci-

stand now why I do not republish those earlier books without very important modifications. I imagined, at that time, it had been the honour given to classical tradition which had destroyed the schools of Italy. But it was, on the contrary, the disbelief of it. She fell, not by reverence for the Gods of the Heathen, but by infidelity alike to them, and to her own.

plined his life without complaint, and surrendered it without price.

Such being the classic authority of the three states, it cannot but be wise for every statesman, and every householder, in the present day, to know the details of domestic life under this conclusive authority in Art and Morals. And the account of that domestic life is given in the following pages by a simple-minded Athenian warrior, philosopher, and, in the strictest sense of the word, poet, who in the most practical light, and plain language, exhibits especially the power of domestic religion, or as we habitually term it, 'family worship,' in a household of the imaginative race of whom St. Paul said: "Ye Athenians, I perceive that in all things ye are, more than others, reverent of the angels of God." * Respecting the sincerity of which family worship, I beg the reader to be sparing of his

* I translate '*δαίμων*' always by one word, 'angel,' in the sense of a personal spirit delegated in this service of God. There is no need, I hope, to vindicate the rejection of our vulgar translation of the text, no less injurious to our conception of St. Paul's kindness of address, than subversive of the power of his argument.

trust in the comments of modern historians; for all the studies which I have hitherto noticed of Greek religion have been either by men partly cretinous, and born without the cerebral organs necessary for receiving imaginative emotion; or else by persons whom the egotism of Judaic Christianity* has prevented from understanding, as it was meant, any single religious word which Egyptians, Greeks, or Latins wrote, or so much as one sign or form of their sculpture.

To take a quite simple instance in classic work; —When Horace says that a man of upright conduct and stainless spirit needs no weapon; and that he himself proved this, because as he was walking in the woods, thinking of his mistress, a monstrous wolf met him, and shrunk away,—the profanest order of readers suppose the whole poem to be a pure fiction, written by way of a graceful compliment to Lalage. The next higher order of reader admires and accepts, from the consent of former students, the first verse, as a very grand and elevated

* I use the word 'Judaic' as expressing the habit of fancying that we ourselves only know the true God, or possess the true faith.

sentiment; and the second, as very beautiful poetry, written with sincere feeling under excited imagination, but entirely without regard to facts.

A reader of the third order—(omitting of course the crowds hazily intermediate in thought)—perceives that Horace is stating an actual fact; and that he draws his corollary from it in the entirely deliberate and confirmed temper of his religious life: but proceeds to reason, from his own superior knowledge, on the self-deception of Horace, and the absurdity of the heathen religion. While only the fourth and centrally powerful reader imagines it to be possible that he may himself know no more of God than Horace did;—discovers and acknowledges in his own mind the tendency to self-deception, but with it also the capacity of divine instruction,—and, feeling this teachableness in himself, admits it in others; with the still more important admission, that the Divine Being, who in all ages made the best men the most docile and the most credulous, is not likely to have done so that He might amuse Himself with their docility by telling them lies.

Whereupon the vitally practical question instantly follows: Is it then true that a man upright and holy leads a charmed life? that the wolf's path and the lion's den shall be safe to him as his own hearthside? that the angels of God have charge over him, lest he dash his foot against a stone? and that he shall not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day?

Of the arrow,—perhaps not,—thinks the cautious Christian, who has even timidly reached so far in faith as this; but of a twenty-five-pounder shot,—he does not know. The breast-plate of Providence, and rib-armour of God, may perhaps not be quite strong enough to resist our last inventions, in that kind, at Shoebury! "Wherepon let us vote again our thirty millions of assurance money; and so keep the wolf from the door, without troubling God for His assistance. His disagreeable conditions of integrity of life, and purity of soul, may then, it is to be hoped, be dispensed with."

It is not possible, I repeat, for men in this diluted and poisoned condition of religious intellect

to understand a word of any classic author on this subject, but perhaps least of all, Xenophon, who continually assumes, in his unpretending accounts of himself and his master, the truth of principles, and the existence of spiritual powers, which existing philosophers have lost even the wit to imagine, and the taste to regret. Thus, it is no question with Xenophon in the opening of the Memorabilia, nor does he suppose it possible to be a question with the reader, whether there are gods or not; but only whether Socrates served them or not: it is no question with him, setting out with the army of which he became the saviour, whether the gods could protect him or not, but in what manner it was fittest to ask their protection. Nevertheless, the Greek faith in the days of Xenophon, retaining still this hold on the minds of the noblest men, stood in confusion of face before the scornful populace, led, in nearly every mode of thought, by rationalists corresponding to those now vociferous among ourselves; and was on the eve of perishing in the pollution of a licentiousness which made the fabled virtues of the

gods ridiculous, and their fabled faults exemplary. That the reader may understand the significance of this period in the history of Greece, he must observe briefly the laws of life hitherto definable among races inspired, or informed, by any force rendering them notable in history.

The life of all such inspired nations, hitherto, has been like that of sword-leaved lilies. First, a cluster of swords, enclosing the strength of the flower between its stern edges;—the nation also wrapped in swaddling bands of steel. This is the time of the Kings, and of the first fiery wars, the whole being of the people knit in Draconian strength, and glittering in every serpent-spartan limb.

The second era of the lily is the springing of its stem, and branching into buds, hither and thither, rich in hope. In like manner, the constrained force of a great nascent people springs from among the sword-leaves, and rises into a fountain of life. It is the time of colonization; every bud beating warm from the central heart.

"First the blade, then the ear. After that the full corn"? Nay, but first,—and perhaps last,—the full *flower*. For then comes the age of crowning triumph, in labour of the hands, and song on the lips. And if these be faithful and true, and the grace and word of God be in them, then for ever the full corn remains, immortal food for immortals; but if they be untrue, then the fairness of the flower to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

Rapidly comparing the five cities, whose story we have to learn; for Athens, the Draconian time reaches to the death of Codrus; for Rome, to the battle at the Lake Regillus; for Florence, to the death of Buondelmonte; for Venice, to the standard-planting on Byzantium by Henry Dandolo; for London, to the death of the Black Prince.

Then for each comes the day of Manifestation;—

For Athens, The Ionian migration, and Homer.
For Rome, The Tyrian war, and Regulus.
For Florence, The year of victories, and Giotto.

For Venice, Her towers on the Ægean Isles, and Carpaccio.

For London, Her western sailors, and Chaucer.

And then, for each, their crowning work, and noblest son,—

For Athens, Marathon, and Phidias.

For Rome, Her empire, and Virgil.

For Florence, The laws of commerce, and Dante.

For Venice, The laws of state, and Tintoret.

For London, The laws of home life, and Shakspeare.

And, of all these, we have only now to seek among the shreds of their fallen purple leaves, what seed is left for years to come.

I trace rapidly, into such broad map as I may,* the root-fibres of the Athenian and Dorian powers, so far as it is needed for the purposes of this book.

The Athenian race is native, and essentially, with the Etruscan, earth-born. How far or by what links joined I know not, but their art work

* It would be hopeless to expand these notes within my present limits, but as our Shepherd's Library increases, they will be illustrated piece by piece.

is visibly the same in origin; entirely Draconid,—Cecropian, rolled in spiral folds; and it is the root of the Draconian energy in the living arts of Europe.

The kingly period of Attic power extends from Erysichthon and Cecrops to Codrus. The myths of it relate the birth of Athenian life from the brightness of the dew, and from the strength of the rock, partly breaking through the grass* as envious of it, partly shading it. 'Io sono Aglauro, chi divenne sasso.' Theseus, fifth from Erechtheus, destroys the spirit of brutal pleasure; human sacrifice is abolished, in the divinest of sacrifices, that of the patriot for his country,—Codrus being exemplary of all future heroism in this kind;—of Leonidas,

* Read the account of the former Acropolis in the end of the Critias, and compare it with the incidental reference to the crocus meadows under its rock, in the Ion; and read *both*, if you can, among high Alpine pastures.

The few words by which Plato introduces the story of the Acropolis must find room here:—

"And they, the Gods, having thus divided the Earth for their possession, nourished us their creatures as flocks for their pastures, taking us for their treasures and their nurslings; but not with bodily force compelling our bodies, as shepherds ruling by the scourge, but in the way by which a living thing may chiefly be well bent, as if from

Curtius, Arnold of Sempach, and Sir Richard Grenville.

Against which voice of the morning winds and the sun's lyre, the leathern throat of modern death, choked inch-thick with putrid dust, proclaims in its manner, "Patriotism is, nationally, what selfishness is individually."

The time comes at last for this faithful power to receive the Dorian inspiration; and then Ion, (*ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο,**) leads the twelve tribes of Athens to the East. There Homer crowns their vision of the world, and its gods: while, in their own city, practical life begins for them under visible kings. For Æschylus, first historic king of Athens, as for the first historic king of Rome, take the same easily remembered date, 750.

the high deck directing it by the rudder; thus they drove, and thus helmed, all mortal beings. And Hephæstus and Athena, brother and sister, and of one mind, in their love of wisdom and of art, both received the same lot in this land, as a land homely and helpful to all strength of art and prudence of deed. And they making good men thus out of the earth, put the order of state into their mind, whose names indeed are left us; but of their story, little."

* Ion, 831.

Give two hundred and fifty years, broadly, to the labour of practical discipline under these kings, beginning with the ninety years of Draco, and consummated by Pisistratus and Solon, (the functions of both these men being entirely glorious and beneficial, though opposed in balance to each other;) and then comes the great fifth century.

Now note the dramas that divide and close that century. In its tenth year, Marathon; in its twentieth, Salamis; in its last, the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; and in the first of the following century, the death of Socrates.

And the purple flower of Athens is fallen, for ever.

I next trace the Doric life. Not power of art, but *conduct*, or harmony; its music, passing away as the voice of the stream and storm, beneficent, but leaving no shape. Echo of Heaven, not foundation of Earth, it builds the visionary walls of Thebes, by voice of Amphion, and all the Theban religious and tragic oracles belong to it. The Theban Heracles,—essentially adverse to the serpent, not

born of it: strangling it in his cradle in its ecality, not wrapt by it in gold,*—fulfils his inspired labour at Lerna. The fates and faults of the triple Heracleid dynasties in the Peloponnese are enough traced by Plato in the third book of the Laws; but he could not know the infinite importance to the future of the rock and isthmus of Corinth, no less than of the vale of Sparta.

In 734, Archias of the Heraclèidæ founds Syracuse from Corinth. And in 657, Byzantium is founded from Megara. The whole Sicilian and Magna Græcian state on the one side,—the Byzantine empire on the other,—virtually spring from the isthmus of Corinth. Then, in the twelfth century, the Normans learn their religion in Sicily, the Venetians at Byzantium.

* Compare the opposite powers in the two passages:—

"ὅθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἐκεῖ
νόμος τίς ἐστιν ὄφεσιν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις
τρέφειν (*sc.* τέκνα)."

"Non te, rationis egentem
Lernæum turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis"—

'ratio' meaning the law of conduct; but the twisted serpents, the inexplicable laws of art.

And for ever, in the temple pillars of the world, these races keep their sign. The Ionian spiral from Erichthonius; the Doric pillar-strength from Heracles; while the Corinthians, changing the Doric ovolo into the wicker basket of the Canephora, and putting the earth leaf of the acanthus instead of the Erichthonian spiral, found all Christian architecture. The tomb of Frederick II: of Sicily is of Corinthian porphyry and gold.

Then lastly. At Nemea the Heracleid power becomes peasant, or Arcadian, and submits itself to Demeter. The Evandrian emigration founds its archaic throne in Italy. The swine, sacred to Demeter, are seen through the woods of Tiber; the Demetrian kingdom becomes the Saturnian,* and the Roman power, essentially of practical and homely earth-life, extends itself into the German Empire.

Now the especial interest of the Arcadian life of Xenophon (presented in this book) to the English

* Remember the name Latium, and word Latin, as of the Seed hidden in the ground. (Æn. viii. 322.)

reader, consists in its being precisely intermediate between the warrior heroism of nascent Greece, and the home-heroism of pacified Christendom in its happiest days.

And his mind represents the Greek intellect a the exact time when all fantastic and disordered imagination had been chastised in its faith; leaving only a firm trust in the protection, belief in the oracles, and joy in the presence, of justly venerated Gods: no wantonly indulged rationalism having yet degraded the nobles of the race of Æschylus, into scornful mockers at the Fear of their Fathers. And it represents the Greek moral temper at the exact moment when keen thought, and cruel experience, having alike taught to its warrior pride the duty and the gladness of peace, the soldier could lay down the helmet that his children might play with its plume, and harness his chariot-horses to the plough, —without ceasing, himself, from the knightly self-denials of his order; or yielding for a moment to the lascivious charms, and ignoble terrors, with which peaceful life must be corrupted

in those who have never held frank companionship with attendant Death.

Written towards the term of days past in this majestic temperance, the book now in your hands will be found to contain three statements of most precious truths ;—statements complete and clear beyond any others extant in classic literature.

It contains, first, a faultless definition of Wealth, and explanation of its dependence for efficiency on the merits and faculties of its possessor ;—definition which cannot be bettered ; and which must be the foundation of all true Political Economy among nations, as Euclid is to all time the basis of Geometry.

This book contains, secondly, the most perfect ideal of kingly character and kingly government given in literature known to me, either by poet or philosopher. For Ulysses is merely chief Shepherd, his kingdom is too small to exhibit any form of extended discipline : St. Louis is merely chief Pilgrim, and abdicates his reign on earth : Henry the Fifth is merely chief Captain, and has scarcely any idea of inferior orders or

objects of authority. But this Cyrus of Persia, himself faultless, conceives and commands a faultless order of State powers, widely extended, yet incapable in their very nature of lawless increase, or extension too great for the organic and active power of the sustaining life:—the State being one human body, not a branched, coralline, semi-mortified mass.

And this ideal of government is not only the best yet written, but, as far as may be judged, the best conceivable; all advance on it can only be by filling in its details, or adapting it to local accidents; the form of it cannot be changed, being one of dreadless Peace, inoffensive to others, and at unity in itself.

Nor is there any visible image of modest and mighty knighthood either painted or written since, which can be set for an instant beside that of Cyrus in his garden. It has the inherent strength of Achilles, the external refinement of Louis XIV., the simplicity of the household of Jesse, and the magnificence of Haroun Alraschid, all gathered into vital unison by the philosophy of Lycurgus.

Lastly and chiefly, this book contains the ideal of domestic life; describing in sweet detail the loving help of two equal helpmates, lord and lady: their methods of dominion over their household; of instruction, after dominion is secure; and of laying up stores in due time for distribution in due measure. Like the ideal of stately knighthood, this ideal of domestic life cannot be changed; nor can it be amended, but in addition of more variously applicable detail, and enlargement of the range of the affections, by the Christian hope of their eternal duration.

Such are the chief contents of the book, presented with extreme simplicity of language and modesty of heart; gentle qualities which in truth add to its preciousness, yet have hitherto hindered its proper influence in our schools, because presenting no model of grace in style, or force in rhetoric. It is simply the language of an educated soldier and country gentleman, relating without effort what he has seen, and without pride what he has learned. But for the greater number of us, this is indeed the most exemplary manner

of writing. To emulate the intricate strength of Thucydides, or visionary calm of Plato, is insolent, as vain, for men of ordinary minds: but any sensible person may state what he has ascertained, and describe what he has felt, in unpretending terms, like these of Xenophon; and will assuredly waste his life, or impair its usefulness, in attempting to write otherwise. Nor is it without some proper and intentional grace that the art of which the author boasts the universal facility of attainment, should be taught in homely words, and recommended by simple arguments.

A few words respecting the translators will put the reader in possession of all that is necessary to his use and judgment of the book.

When I returned to Oxford in the year 1870, after thirty years' absence, I found the aim of University education entirely changed; and that, for the ancient methods of quiet study, for discipline of intellect,—study of which the terminal examination simply pronounced the less or more success,—there had been substituted hurried courses of instruction in knowledge supposed to

be pecuniarily profitable; stimulated by feverish frequency of examination, of which the effect was not to certify strength, or discern genius, but to bribe immature effort with fortuitous distinction.

From this field of injurious toil, and dishonourable rivalry, I have endeavoured, with all the influence I could obtain over any of the more gifted students, to withdraw their thoughts: and to set before them the nobler purpose of their granted years of scholastic leisure,—initiation in the sacred mysteries of the Loving Mother of Knowledge and of Life; and preparation for the steady service of their country, alike through applause or silence.

The two who have trusted me so far as to devote no inconsiderable portion of their time, and jeopardize in a measure their chances of pre-eminence in the schools, that they might place this piece of noble Greek thought within the reach of English readers, will not, I believe, eventually have cause to regret either their faith or their kindness.

Of the manner in which they have fulfilled their task, I have not scholarship enough to speak with entire decision: but, having revised the whole with them sentence by sentence, I know that the English rendering is free from error which attention could avoid,—praiseworthy in its occasional sacrifice of facility to explicitness, and exemplary as an unselfish piece of youthful labour devoted to an honourable end.

TRANSLATORS' PREFACE.

THIS translation has been undertaken at the suggestion and request of the Editor, who in his Preface has sufficiently explained the objects of the series of which it forms a part. In accordance with his purpose we have aimed at a rendering suited rather to the general reader than to the student of Greek; and indeed to deal at length with the difficulties of a text sometimes corrupt, and not seldom obscure, would have demanded an edition distinctly critical and far more elaborate than any which we could attempt. We have, however, to all cases of doubt given our best consideration, embodying, generally without comment, in the translation the view on which we finally decided. Should we at all succeed in setting

before the English reader, to whom the Greek is inaccessible, the simple grace of the original, we shall feel ourselves well content. To praise the dialogue, or point out beauties, to which a translation can never do full justice, seems at once unnecessary and presumptuous. A work of such interest, both as illustrative of Greek life and manners, and as giving the mind of one of the greatest practical philosophers of antiquity on subjects of grave importance in the present day, is assuredly worthy of a more fitting tribute than any we could offer.

The few notes that have been added are, therefore, illustrative and explanatory rather than critical:—they are in fact notes to the translation, not to the text.

The edition used has been that of Schneider (Oxon. 1813,) and any deviations from its text, have been noticed as they occur.

A. D. O. W.
W. G. C.

OXFORD, *Easter Term*, 1876.

THE ECONOMIST

OF

XENOPHON.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE:

SOCRATES,

CRITOBULUS,

AND OTHERS WHO ARE MUTE AUDITORS.

ALSO, IN THE SECOND PART,

ISCHOMACHUS.

THE ECONOMIST

OF

XENOPHON.

CHAPTER I.

OF ECONOMY;—THE MANAGEMENT OF PROPERTY, THAT IS WHATEVER IS OF USE TO A MAN, BUT IS OF NO VALUE TO SUCH AS ARE SLAVES TO THEIR PASSIONS.

NOW I once heard him * talk about economy † in this way. Tell me, Critobulus, said he, 1
is economy the name of some science, as medicine is, and metallurgy and architecture?

Yes, I think so, said Critobulus.

And might we assign its function to economy, 2
just as we can to each of these arts?

At any rate, said Critobulus, it seems that a

* Socrates.

† 'Economy'—a now far narrower word than *οἰκονομία*, which means the whole management of house and estate: similarly *οἰκονόμος*, 'economist.'

good economist ought to manage his own house well.

3 And if, asked Socrates, the house of another were entrusted to him, should he not be able, if he would, to manage that house well, just as though it were his own? For the architect can do equally for another person what he can for himself, and so too would it be with the economist?

Yes, Socrates, I think so.

4 Is it possible, then, said Socrates, for an adept in this art, who happens to have no property of his own, to earn money by managing the house of another, just as he would were he building it?

Undoubtedly so; and no little pay too would he earn, said Critobulus, if, after undertaking the management of a house, he could both meet all necessary expenses and further increase its wealth and position.

5 But what do we mean by 'house'? Do we mean the mere building, or do we include in it all a man's possessions?

Yes, said Critobulus, in my opinion everything that a man possesses, all the world over, is part of his house.

6 But do not some people possess enemies?

Doubtless; and some of them many.

Are we then to call a man's enemies also part of his property?

Indeed it would be absurd, said Critobulus, if a man who increases one's enemies should further be paid for so doing.

You know * we have decided that a man's house 7
meant all his possessions.

By Heaven, yes, said Critobulus; we laid that down about whatever a man has that is good; but of course I should not count as a possession anything that does him harm.

You would, then, call a man's possessions all that benefits him?

Quite so, said he; I call whatever hurts him loss, and not property.

Well, then, suppose some one bought a horse, 8
and could not manage it, but fell off it and hurt himself; the horse is not property to him, is it?

Certainly not, if property is only what benefits him.

In the same way, one cannot call a piece of land a man's property, if he cultivates it so as to lose thereby?

No; no more is the land property if, instead of supporting him, it reduces him to want.

* The text here is uncertain.

9 Well, then, if a man did not know what use to make of sheep either, but lost by them, sheep would not be property to him?

No, I do not think they would.

You, then, it seems, count as property only what is useful to a man, but do not include under the term anything that hurts him?

Just so.

10 Then the very same things are property to a man who knows how to use them, and not property to one who does not. For instance, a flute is property to a man who can play on it fairly; but to one who is wholly unskilled in its use it is no more property than mere useless stones would be,—unless indeed he sold it.

11 So it is clear to us that a flute in the hands of a man who does not know how to use it, is not property to him, unless he sell it. So long as he keeps it, it is not property. And indeed, Socrates, we shall thus have reasoned consistently, since we before decided that a man's property must be something that benefits him. If the man does not sell the flute, it is not property, for it is of no use; but if he sell it, it becomes property.

12 To this Socrates answered, Yes, if he know how to sell it. But if he, again, were to sell it to a man who does not know how to use it, it would

not be property even when sold, according to what you say.

Your words, Socrates, seem to imply that not even money would be property unless a man knew how to use it.

Well, you seem to agree with me that a man's 13
property is only what benefits him. Suppose a man were to make this use of his money, to buy, say, a mistress, by whose influence his body would be worse, his soul worse, his household worse; how could we then say that his money was any benefit to him?

We could not,—unless, indeed, we are to count as property henbane, the herb that drives mad those who eat it.

We may, then, Critobulus, exclude money also 14
from being counted as property, if it is in the hands of one who does not know how to use it. But friends,—what shall we say they are, if a man knows how to use them to his advantage?

Why truly they are property, said Critobulus; and much more so than the oxen are, if only they are more profitable than oxen.

Following that out, enemies are property to a 15
man who can gain benefit from them?

Yes, I think so.

Then a good economist ought to know how to use even his enemies to his own advantage?

Most decidedly so.

True, Critobulus, said he; for war, you see, may bring increase to every one,—not to kings only.

16 Well, so far our decision is satisfactory, Socrates, said Critobulus. But what are we to say when we see men endowed with knowledge, and means of adding to their position if they will but exert themselves, quite careless of this, so that thus we see that their knowledge is of no use to them? What can we say but that their knowledge is to them neither property nor possession?

17 But tell me, Critobulus, said Socrates; is it of slaves that you would say this?

Surely not, said he; but I meet with many men who are skilled in the arts of war and of peace, who yet will not make use of them, and that for this reason, I think,—that they have no masters.

18 And yet, said Socrates, how can we say that they have no masters, if, spite of all their desire to be happy, and eagerness to do what will be to their good, they are after all prevented from so doing by their rulers?

And pray, said Critobulus, who are these invisible rulers?

19 By Heaven, said Socrates, they are not invisible, but very visible indeed; nor do you fail to

see that they are the worst of rulers,—if, that is, you count as evil, sloth, effeminacy, and carelessness. And moreover there are others, deceiving mistresses, 20
who pretend to be queens of pleasure, such as gambling, and profitless assemblings of men together, until, as time goes on, those whom they deceived see what they really are,—pleasures glossing over pain, getting the mastery over them, and preventing their doing what is right and useful.

But, Socrates, said he, there are others also 21
whom these do not prevent from exertion, but who, on the contrary, do all they can to exert themselves and increase their incomes; yet they too waste their substance and involve themselves in difficulties.

That is because they too are slaves, said 22
Socrates,—slaves of mistresses entirely cruel, of luxury, lust, and drunkenness; or else of some foolish and ruinous ambition, which so harshly rules its subjects, that as long as it sees them in the prime of life, and able to exert themselves, it compels them to bring all the results of their exertions, and spend them on their desires. But no sooner does it see them grown old, and so unable to work, than it leaves them to a miserable dotage, and ever turns round again to look for others to enslave. But against these mistresses, 23

Critobulus, we must fight for freedom as if ranged against armed hosts seeking to enslave us. Earthly enemies, however, often ere now have been good and noble, and have often by their control taught those whom they have enslaved to be better, and have made their life calmer for the future. Not so mistresses such as these. While they are in power, they never cease to torment the households, the bodies, aye, and the souls of men.

CHAPTER II.

OF TRUE WEALTH:—NOT THAT WHICH BRINGS WITH IT TROUBLE AND TOIL, BUT THAT OF THE PROVIDENT AND THRIFTY ECONOMIST:—WHERE SUCH IS TO BE LEARNED.

CRITOBULUS then continued something in this way: What you have told me about such as these is, I think, quite sufficient; but on examining myself, I find that I have what I consider a fair control* over them, so that if you would advise me how to increase my position, I do not think you would find that these mistresses, as you call them, prevent me from following your advice. With all assurance, then, give me what good advice you can. Or do you charge us, Socrates, with being rich enough, and consider that we have no need of further wealth? 1

* Gk. *ἐγκρατής*, on the full meaning of which, see Aristotle, (Eth. vii. 9, 6,):—'*ὅ τε γὰρ ἐγκρατὴς οἷος μηδὲν παρὰ τὸν λόγον διὰ τὰς σωματικὰς ἡδονὰς ποιεῖν καὶ ὁ σώφρων, ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἔχων, ὁ δ' οὐκ ἔχων φαύλας ἐπιθυμίας, καὶ ὁ μὲν τοιοῦτος οἷος μὴ ἥδεσθαι παρὰ τὸν λόγον, ὁ δ' οἷος ἥδεσθαι ἀλλὰ μὴ ἄγεσθαι,*' *i.e.*, the perfectly temperate man does not even feel pleasure in acting contrary to right reason; the self-controlled feels it, but is not led astray.

2 If it is of me that you are speaking, said Socrates, I do not think that I have any need of further wealth: I am rich enough. You, on the contrary, Critobulus, I consider very poor, —and, by Heaven, I heartily pity you sometimes.

3 To this Critobulus answered with a laugh: By Heaven, Socrates, said he, how much, think you, would your property fetch, and how much mine?

I think, said Socrates, that if I found a good purchaser, I might quite easily get for my house and all five minæ.* But I am perfectly sure that yours would fetch more than a hundred times as much as that.

4 And yet, while you know this, do you think that you have no need of further wealth, and pity me for my poverty?

I do, said he, for I have enough to satisfy all my wants. But your style of living, and the reputation you enjoy, is such that I do not think thrice as much again as you have at present would suffice for it.

What can you mean? said Critobulus.

5 I mean, explained Socrates, that in the first place I see you compelled to offer up many

* About £20, a mina being equivalent to £4 1*s.* 3*d.*

great sacrifices; indeed, if you were remiss in so doing, both gods and men would, I think, put up with you no longer. And again, you have to entertain many strangers, and that in great state; while, besides this, you must either feast and otherwise benefit your fellow-citizens, or else be destitute of supporters. Nor is this all. I 6
know how the State already imposes on you duties of no little importance,—to breed horses for its service, to pay the expenses of a chorus, to superintend the gymnasia, or to be a foreign consul. And if a war break out, I am well aware that they will demand of you to take your share in fitting out the navy,* and in other special expenses, so large that even you will find them no light burden. And if you should 7
be deficient in any of the above, the Athenians would, I am sure, punish you no less than if they caught you robbing them of their own property. But besides all this, you do, I see, consider yourself rich, and thus do not care to make money, but give yourself up to childish

* At Athens, special subscriptions were demanded of the wealthy for State purposes. These were called λειτουργίαι, and of them the τριηραρχία was specially important. In time of war a 'trierarch' would have to equip a vessel, and not unfrequently command it in person. Other λειτουργίαι are enumerated in the preceding sentence.

pursuits, as if there were no harm in them. And therefore I pity you, and fear for you lest you should suffer some desperate disaster, and fall into extreme poverty. But what is my case?
8 You know as well as I do, that were I in want, there are those who would help me, and by giving me each a little, overwhelm me with a plenty that I could not spend. But your friends, though their means are far more adequate to their style of living than are your means to yours, still look to receive benefits at your hands.

9 What you say, Socrates, said Critobulus, I cannot dispute. But it is now high time for you to be my guardian, lest I really do become pitiable indeed.

To this Socrates answered thus: Do you not think, Critobulus, that it is somewhat strange that you, who a little while ago, when I called myself rich, laughed* at me for not knowing what wealth was, and did not stop till you had convicted me and made me confess that you had a hundred times as much as I, should now bid me be your master and guardian, to prevent your being really and truly a beggar?

10 Yes, Socrates, said he; for I see that there is one thing about wealth that you know, and that

* § 3.

is how to keep a surplus; and then I expect that a man who does this on small means, would on a large income have a large surplus.

Do not you remember that in our conversa- 11
tion just now, when you would hardly let me open my mouth, you said * that neither horses, land, sheep, money, nor anything else, were property to a man who did not know how to use them? Such, however, are sources of income; and how could you think that I should know how to use any of these things, when I never yet was possessed of one of them?

But we determined † that even a man who 12
had no property of his own, might yet have some knowledge of economy. What, then, should hinder you from having some?

Just what hinders, of course, from playing on the flute people who have never had flutes of their own, nor other people's lent them to learn on. And this is the way with me as to economy. 13
For I never had any property of my own to learn it from, nor have I ever had any one else's under my charge, as you would now put yours. You know men often spoil the harps on which they learn their first lessons; and in the same way, should I undertake to learn economy with your

* Chapter I., § 8. † Chapter I., § 4.

estate to practise on, I should no doubt seriously damage it.

14 You are trying very hard, Socrates, replied Critobulus, to avoid giving me any help towards managing my necessary business with greater care.

15 No, indeed, replied Socrates; I will most gladly tell whatever I can. But supposing you were to come to me for firewood, and find that I had none, you would not, I think, blame me for directing you to where you could get it; or again, if you came to me for water, and I had none, but took you to where you could get it, you would not blame me for this either; and if you wished to learn music of me, and I pointed out to you men who were at once better musicians than myself, and who would thank you if you would take lessons of them, could you find any grounds for blaming me?

None that were just, Socrates.

16 I will, then, Critobulus, direct you to far greater adepts than myself in this which you are so anxious to learn of me; and I confess that it has interested me to observe who in the city know most of their
17 several occupations. For I could not but feel surprised, when I discovered that of those engaged in the same pursuits, some were very poor and some

very rich; and I thought that the cause of this was not unworthy of consideration. So I began to look into it, and found it all very natural. For I saw 18 that those who managed their affairs recklessly were losers; whilst, on the other hand, an earnest application made the business, as I observed, at once prompter, easier, and more profitable. And if you will take these for your masters, you will, I think, (unless Heaven be against you,) turn out a shrewd man of business.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE VIRTUES AND RESULTS OF ECONOMY ABROAD AND AT HOME; AND THE SHARE OF THE WIFE THEREIN.

1 ON hearing this, Critobulus continued: Now, Socrates, I will not let you go until you have shown me what you have promised before our friends here.

Well, Critobulus, said Socrates, what would you say if I were to begin by showing you how some men spend a good deal of money in building useless houses, while others at a far smaller expense build such as have every necessary advantage? Would you not think that I was showing you herein one point in the matter of economy?

That I should, said Critobulus.

2 And what, if I were to show you the natural consequence of this?—namely, how some men have plenty of goods and chattels of every kind, and yet cannot get at them for use, when they want them; nor even, indeed, do they know if they have them safe, thereby causing much annoyance both to themselves and their servants: whilst others,

though possessing much less than they, have every necessary at hand to make use of, when they want it.

Is not this, Socrates, the sole cause of it, that 3 the former throw everything down anywhere at random, while the latter have everything in its place?

Exactly so, said Socrates; they have everything well-arranged—not in the first place that came, but in the most convenient.

I suppose this that you are telling me, said Critobulus, is another point in economy.

Again, what would you say, said Socrates, if I 4 were to show you, at one place slaves, who are, one might say, all in bonds, constantly running away; and elsewhere others, who do not know the chain, willingly doing their work and staying with their masters? Would you not think that I was showing you in this a most noteworthy result of economy?

Yes, by Heaven, exclaimed Critobulus, a very remarkable result.

And what if I were to show you men working 5 adjoining* farms, but some of them complaining that their farming is a loss to them, and they

* And, consequently, of a like soil, and with like opportunities.

themselves are in poverty, and others getting from their farming an unstinted and comfortable abundance of every necessary?

That is a very remarkable result also, said Critobulus; but perhaps the losers spend money not only on what is necessary, but also on what does harm to house and master alike.

6 There are perhaps some such too, said Socrates; but I am speaking, not of them, but of those who, whilst their profession is farming, have no money to spend on the necessaries of agriculture.

And what, Socrates, might the cause of this be? asked he.

I will take you, said Socrates, to see these men, for I am sure you will be the wiser for observing them.

Yes, by Heaven, said he; I will try to be so.

7 Well, you must see them, and so try what you can learn. Now I know that to go to a comedy you sometimes rise very early, and walk a long distance to get there; and you do all you can to persuade me to go with you. But to a task like this you never summoned me.

And so now I seem to you somewhat ridiculous?

8 By Heaven, far more so to yourself, said he. But what if I were to show you that of breeders of horses, some have been so ruined as to need

even the necessaries of life, while others have become quite wealthy, and rejoiced in their riches?

Why, I see such men myself, and know them, rich and poor; but I am not any the more one of the rich men for that.

No, for they are to you but actors in a play; 9
and you go, I think, to the theatre, not with the intention of becoming a poet, but merely to find pleasure for eye and ear. And this, perhaps, is well enough, since you do not aim at being a poet: but seeing that you are obliged to keep horses, do not you think you are foolish in not looking to learn some little of the matter, especially when the same horses are good to use and profitable to sell?

My dear Socrates, would you have me break 10
in horses?

Of course not, any more than I would have you buy children and bring them up as labourers. Still I think that both with horses and men there are certain ages immediately upon which they become profitable, and keep on improving. But I can show you men who so treat the wives they have married, as to find in them fellow-workers in increasing their position, whilst others find them a special source of ruin.

And are we, Socrates, to blame the husband or 11
the wife for this?

When a sheep is diseased, we generally blame the shepherd, said Socrates; and when a horse is vicious, we generally blame the groom. But as regards a wife,—if after being taught by her husband to do right, she still does wrong, then she is perhaps the one we might justly blame; but if, never teaching her what is right and noble, he takes her ignorant service, is it not
12 with him that the blame would rest? But come, Critobulus, said he, we are all friends here; so tell us the whole truth;—is there any one whom you oftener trust with important matters than your wife?

No one, said he.

Is there any one with whom you have fewer discussions?

Few, if any, said he.

13 You married her when quite a young girl, or at any rate when she could have seen and heard but little?

Quite so.

Well, then, it would be much more wonderful if she did know how to speak and act, than if she failed therein.

14 But, what, Socrates, of the wives you call good? Did their husbands teach them?

Well, there is nothing like looking into it; and

more, I will introduce you to Aspasia,* who will know how to show you all about such things far better than I. But, in my opinion, a wife who 15
manages her share in the household matters well, has as much influence as her husband on their prosperity. For, as a rule, it is the labour of the husband that brings in the money of the family, but the judgment of the wife that regulates the spending of most of it. And whilst houses in which these matters are well managed increase, those in which they are ill managed decrease in prosperity. And moreover, I think that I can point 16
out to you men of remarkable power in all the other sciences, if you consider it worth your while to know them.

* Aspasia was a celebrated lady of Miletus who lived at Athens in the time of Pericles, and had, it is said, the greatest influence over that statesman. Remarkable at once for her beauty and her wisdom, she attracted to her house politician and author, artist and philosopher alike. Her teaching fascinating,—and novel, no doubt, as well,—won high praise from Socrates. Being a foreigner, it was against the law for any Athenian citizen to marry her; to Pericles, however, whose own wife did not make him happy, she stood in a wife's position, and by him was the mother of a son, afterwards specially legitimated by the Athenian people. Unfortunately, we know but little of Aspasia: it may, however, be fairly questioned whether the evidence we possess justifies the censures passed on her by many critics, who are perhaps too apt to judge her by the standard of modern, not Greek, morality.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT THE TRUE GENTLEMAN SHOULD PRACTISE NO MECHANICAL ARTS; BUT RATHER AGRICULTURE AND WAR, AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF THE KINGS OF PERSIA, AND OF CYRUS.

1 BUT why need you show me them all, Socrates? said Critobulus: for neither do we want to get men who are fair hands at all the arts alike, nor can one man become an adept in all. No; those arts which are thought the noblest, and which would be most suitable for me to engage in, are what I would have you show me, together with those who practise them; and in this, as far as you can, let me have the advantage of your teaching.

2 Well said, Critobulus! exclaimed Socrates; for not only are the arts which we call mechanical * generally held in bad repute, but States also have a very low opinion of them,—and with justice. For they are injurious to the bodily health of workmen

* 'Mechanical,' *βανανσικός*. In a wider sense, such as Socrates goes on to define; namely, the arts which deprive the artizan of his fair measure of exercise, sunshine, and fresh air.

and overseers, in that they compel them to be seated and indoors, and in some cases also all the day before a fire. And when the body grows effeminate, the mind also becomes weaker and weaker. And the mechanical arts, as they are 3 called, will not let men unite with them care for friends and State, so that men engaged in them must ever appear to be both bad friends and poor defenders of their country. And there are States, but more particularly such as are most famous in war, in which not a single citizen* is allowed to engage in mechanical arts.

But in what kind of arts would you have us 4 engage, Socrates?

Ought we to be ashamed, said Socrates, to imitate the King of Persia? For he, they say, considers agriculture and the art of war to be among the noblest and most essential occupations; and interests himself heartily in both of them.

At this Critobulus said, And do you believe, 5 Socrates, that the King of Persia takes a due share of interest in agriculture?

If we look at it in this light, Critobulus, said Socrates, we may perhaps learn if he does, and what is the interest he takes. For in matters

* Though slaves might.

of war he takes confessedly a hearty interest, inasmuch as he has appointed governors over all the nations who pay him tribute, to supply him with a fixed support for so many cavalry, archers, slingers, and targeteers, so that he may have enough men to keep in subjection those over whom he rules, and to defend the country from any hostile invasion; while without count of these he maintains garrisons
6 in his forts. And though they are paid and cared for by an officer appointed for the purpose, yet every year too the King reviews his mercenaries and other forces under arms, collecting them all together, except the garrisons in the forts, at a fixed time, when the household troops pass before the King, while trustworthy officers are sent to in-
7 spect those who are at a distance. And where he finds garrison-officers, field-officers, and satraps, with their due complements of men, and nothing to blame in their horses or their armour, he gives honours and presents of great value; but where he finds governors neglecting their officers of the garrisons, or making them an unjust source of gain, he punishes them severely, taking away their commissions and giving them to others.* So that in matters of war he thus shows an undoubted

* May we not compare the Parable of the Talents? Matt. xxv. 28.

interest. And besides this, he rides through part 8
of his dominion in person, surveying and inspecting it; and where he does not go himself, he sends to examine it men whom he can trust. And where he finds a governor's province well inhabited, the land well tilled, and planted with the trees and crops best suited to it, there he adds to the governor's territory, and, adorning him with gifts, sets him on high. But where he sees the land lying idle and thinly peopled, be it through hard treatment, insolence, or neglect on their part, there he punishes the governors, taking away their governorships and giving them to others. Does 9
it not seem to you that in doing this he shows an equal interest in the land being well worked by its inhabitants, and well guarded by its garrisons? And he has also officers commissioned for either purpose,—not the same for both; for some are set over the inhabitants and those who till the ground, and from them collect tribute, whilst others are set over the garrisons under arms. And if the 10
officer of a garrison is backward in protecting the country, the master of the inhabitants and overseer of the tillage brings a charge against him that the people cannot work for want of proper protection. But if the officer of the garrison says to him, "There is peace; work thou in it;" and

yet he can only answer by showing land little inhabited and little tilled, then the officer of the
11 garrison accuses him of this. For as a rule those who cultivate the ground ill neither maintain their garrisons, nor are able to pay their tribute. But where a satrap is appointed, both these duties fall under his charge.

12 If the King really does this, Socrates, answered Critobulus, he pays, I think, no less attention to agriculture than to war.

13 And more than this, continued Socrates, at all the places which he dwells in or visits, he takes especial care that there shall be gardens which they call 'paradises,' filled with everything good and beautiful that grows there naturally. And it is in these gardens that he spends most of his leisure, unless prevented from doing so by the time of year.

14 By Heaven, Socrates, said Critobulus, if he spends his time there himself, these 'paradises' must of course be as well kept as possible, and planted out with trees, and every other goodly thing native to the place.

15 It is said too by some, Critobulus, continued Socrates, that when the King awards gifts, he begins by calling up those who have distinguished themselves in war,—because however much ground

you cultivate, it is no good unless you have men to defend it. And next he summons those that excel in keeping up estates and making them productive, saying that not even your brave men could live unless there were men to till the ground. And 16
once, too, they tell us, Cyrus, who was the most famous prince of his time, said to those who were called up to receive gifts, that he too might put in a fair claim to have gifts awarded him on both scores; inasmuch as he excelled at once in keeping up an estate, and in defending the same.

Cyrus, then, said Critobulus, in saying this, 17
prided himself no less in making an estate productive and in keeping it up, than on his warlike character.

Ay; and, by Heaven, had Cyrus lived, continued 18
Socrates, he would, I think, have made a most excellent ruler. And amongst all the proofs that are given of this, we may note what happened when he set forth to fight against his brother for the throne. From Cyrus, it is said, not a man deserted to the King, whilst from the King many myriads deserted to Cyrus. And I think that a 19
commander's worth is well proved by his men following him willingly, and by their standing by him in time of danger. So was it with Cyrus:

with him his friends fought, and with him fell, doing battle round his body, every one of them, excepting Ariæus, who happened to be in command of the left
20 wing. It is said, too, of this same Cyrus, that when Lysander came to him with presents from the allies, he not only treated him with much kindness, but further (as Lysander himself once told a stranger he met in Megara) showed him over his 'paradise'
21 at Sardis. And as Lysander wondered at the beautiful trees planted therein with perfect symmetry, and at the straightness of their rows, and at the fairness of all their angles, while many a sweet perfume met them as they went along, he said to Cyrus, Much as I wonder, Cyrus, at the beauty of all this, I feel far greater admiration for the man who measured it out and arranged it all. At these words Cyrus was much pleased, and said,
22 Well, then, Lysander, it was I who measured it all out and arranged it; nay, some of these trees, he added, I even planted myself.

23 What, Cyrus, said Lysander, as he looked at him, and saw the splendid raiment that he had on, and smelt the perfume of it; marking too the beauty of the necklaces, bracelets, and other ornaments that he wore; did you really plant any of these trees with your own hands?

24 Does it amaze you, Lysander? said Cyrus; why

I swear to you by Mithra that when I am in good health I never sit down to dinner without having first earned it in the sweat of my brow, by exercising myself in some business of war or agriculture, ever in the pursuit of some object of my ambition.

At which, said Lysander, I took his hand, and said, I think, Cyrus, that you are justly happy, for you are happy because you are good.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE VIRTUES OF AGRICULTURE AND THE PRAISE OF IT. OF THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER IN ALL UNDERTAKINGS.

1 NOW, I tell you this, Critobulus, continued Socrates, because I would have you know that even the greatest and richest men cannot be wholly neglectful of agriculture. For we see that those who make it their care find it to be both a pleasant pursuit, and a means of adding to their wealth; whilst it exercises the body, so strengthening it to do all that a free man should. 2 For in the first place it is to those who cultivate it that the earth yields means of sustenance, 3 and of enjoyment as well. Next also it provides them with decorations for altars and statues, as well as for their own persons, and these very sweet to smell and to see. And there is much food too, some of which it produces, some of which it rears, inasmuch as the art of tending cattle comes into the province of agriculture. And thus have men sufficient, both for giving

Heaven the sacrifice that is its due honour and for their own uses. But whilst the earth provides 4 this abundance of good things ungrudgingly,* it does not suffer those who are effeminate to reap it,† but accustoms them to endure with patience winter cold and the heat of summer. And those whom it makes work with their own hands, to these it gives increase of strength, whilst it makes the earnest labourer in the field very manly, by rousing him up early, and compelling him to journey to and fro. And, again, if any one 5 wishes to serve his state in the cavalry, then it is agriculture that will best support his horse; or if in the infantry, agriculture in this too will keep him sound and strong. The land also helps to increase an interest in hunting, since it both provides easy means for the keeping of dogs, and also supports the beasts of the chase. And to 6

* Virgil almost forgets the labour: but his epithet of the earth is more perfect than *ἀφθόνως*:—

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas, quibus *ipsa*, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum *justissima* tellus."

Georgic ii., 458—560.

† Compare Milton, Comus, lines 778—782:

"Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance! she, good cateress,
Means her provisions *only for the good*."

both the horses and dogs that owe their maintenance to farming, farming too owes much in return: to the horse for carrying his master early to his labour, and giving him power to come home late; and to the dog, for defending the crops and cattle from the ravages of wild beasts, and
7 for making lonely places safe. And in some measure too the land prompts the agriculturist to defend his own with arms, in that, bringing forth its fruits, it leaves them for the strongest to take.
8 Again, what art more than agriculture makes men better able to run and throw and leap? What art gives greater rewards to those who engage in it? What art has a sweeter welcome for those occupied in it, bidding them draw nigh and take all that they would? What art, too,
9 has a more generous welcome for a guest? And where in the winter-time can one enjoy more abundantly the luxury of blazing fires and warm baths than in the country? Where in the summer is it sweeter to be than in the meadows or by some
10 shaded stream where the breezes blow? What other art provides the gods with fairer first-fruits, or sets forth fuller feasts? What more loved of servants, more pleasant to wife, more longed for by
11 children, more grateful to friends? To me, indeed, it is a marvel if any free-minded man possesses

aught of more joy to him than some country spot; or has found aught that is more gladdening or that more generously supplies him with the means of life, than the cultivation of it. And, 12
further, to those who can learn it, the land willingly teaches justice, for it ever awards its highest prizes to those who serve it best. And then those who 13
are engaged in agriculture,—if ever they are prevented from working, even by some large invading army, still their education has been vigorous and manly, they have been well trained in mind and body; and thus, if Heaven prevent them not, they are able to enter the country of those who are hindering them from their work, and thence take means of sustenance; and often, indeed, in time of war it is safer to seek a livelihood with arms than with the implements of the field. Agriculture, too, teaches us to help one another; 14
for just as in facing their foes men must join together, so must they in agriculture. He, then, 15
that would be a good farmer must procure labourers zealous to work, and ready to obey; and so, too, must he who is leading his men against an enemy; rewarding those who are the brave men they should be,—punishing those who are disorderly. And 16
a farmer must encourage his labourers, no less constantly than does a general his soldiers. For

slaves have no less need of fair hopes than have free men; nay, rather more need, that so they
17 may willingly remain with their masters. It was once said, and finely too, that agriculture was the mother and the nurse of all the other arts. For while agriculture prospers, the other arts too are strong; but wherever the soil must lie barren, there they are wellnigh being utterly quenched by sea and by land.

18 On hearing this, Critobulus said, I think, Socrates, that what you say is entirely right. But remember that the greater part of agriculture is beyond our foresight. For sometimes hail and frost, drought and violent rain, blight, and often other causes, are fatal to what has been excellently devised and done; or a pestilence may chance to come, and kill cattle that have been reared to perfection.

19 To which Socrates replied thus: Nay, I thought that you, Critobulus, knew that Heaven is lord as much of agriculture as of war. And in war, I think, you see men propitiating Heaven before setting forth on any warlike enterprise, and inquiring there with sacrifices and oracles what they
20 must do and what avoid. And in agriculture think you there is less necessity to win the favour of Heaven? For know this well, he added, that good men offer prayer about every kind of pro-

duce;*—about oxen and horses and sheep,—yes, about all that they have.

* Gk. "*ὑπὲρ ὑγρῶν καὶ ξηρῶν καρπῶν.*" Literally, "wet and dry fruits," *i.e.*, for example, grapes and corn.

CHAPTER VI.

RECAPITULATION OF PRECEDING CONCLUSIONS. OF THE TRUE GENTLEMAN, AND HOW SOCRATES FOUND SUCH AN ONE.

1 WELL, Socrates, said he, I heartily approve of all you say, in bidding us strive to begin every undertaking with the favour of Heaven to aid us, and that because Heaven is lord no less of the things of peace than of those of war. This we will make every effort to do. But now do you continue from where you left off telling me about economy, and endeavour to go through everything about it for my benefit, since even now, from what you have told me so far, I think I already understand better than I did how I ought to act in life.

2 What say you, then, said Socrates, to our first going once more over all the points we have successively agreed upon, that we may if possible, as we proceed to what remains, still agree with each other?

3 Yes, said Critobulus, I shall be very glad: and

just as where money is concerned partners in business are glad at finishing off their accounts agreeably to both, so shall we be, if in talking together we finish off our conversation without any disagreement arising.

Well, then, said Socrates, we decided that 4
economy was the name of some science;* and this science, as it appeared, was one that enabled a man to add to his resources; and his resources were all his possessions; and possessions, we said, were everything that benefited a man for the maintenance of life; and we found that the things which benefited him were all such as he knew how to use. We decided, however, that it was im- 5
possible to learn every science, and we agreed with governments in condemning the merely mechanical arts, as they are called, because they evidently are injurious to both body and mind. And we said 6
that a most clear proof of this was, if when an enemy invaded the country, one were to separate the husbandmen from the artizans, and then put the question to each class, "Will you defend your house and home, or leave the fields and guard the walls?" For at this, we thought, those who tilled 7
the land would vote for defending their country,

* For these and following references, see Chapter I., §§ 1, 5, 7, 9; Chapter IV., §§ 1, *seqq.*

whilst the artizans would prefer not to fight, but in the spirit of their education would rather sit
8 still, without trouble and without danger.* We went on to determine that for the true gentleman† agriculture was the finest occupation and science
9 of all those by which men gain a living. For we came to the conclusion that this occupation was the easiest to learn and the most pleasant to be occupied in, and that it, more than all others, made the body fine and strong, whilst it allowed the mind full leisure to have some care for both friend
10 and country. We decided also that agriculture in some degree was an incentive to bravery, in that it not only produces the necessaries of life, and that, too, where there are no bulwarks of defence, but also maintains those who occupy themselves in it. Wherefore this manner of life was, we noticed, that which governments held in highest

* This has not occurred in the foregoing chapters; there is therefore, probably, a lacuna in the text.

† "The true gentleman." The Greek words *καλός τε κἀγαθός*, as subsequently (§ 15) analysed, signify respectively the beauty of mind and body. The translation of them by the word 'gentleman' has been adopted as likely to impress itself on English readers. In this sense they are used by Plato (Republic, viii. 569 A); whilst Aristotle has the abstract *καλοκἀγαθία* (Ethics, iv. 3, 16; x. 9, 3). It is distinctly opposed to the mob, as is shown by the following passage of Plutarch (Pericl., p. 158 B): "*οὐ γὰρ εἴασε τοὺς καλοὺς κἀγαθοὺς καλουμένους . . . συμμεμῖχθαι πρὸς τὸν δῆμον.*"

esteem, because without doubt it provides the commonwealth with the best and most loyal citizens.

To which Critobulus:—I think, Socrates, that 11
I am sufficiently persuaded that the husbandman's life is the noblest, the best, and the sweetest. But you said that you understood how it is that some husbandmen manage to get from their husbandry an unstinted measure of what they want, while others work so that their husbandry is no source of profit to them. And about both these would I gladly hear you, in order that I may do what is profitable, and avoid what is to my harm.

What say you then, Critobulus, said Socrates, 12
to my telling you from beginning to end of how I once fell in with a man who seemed to me beyond all doubt one of those to whom the name of 'gentleman' was really and truly applicable?

I should very much like to hear it, said Critobulus; for I too desire to be worthy of that name.

I will tell you, then, said Socrates, how I came 13
to see him. For as to those skilful in carpentry, metallurgy, painting, sculpture, and all else of the kind, I took but a very little time to have done with them, and to inspect their works popularly esteemed good. But in order to consider those 14

who bore the majestic name of 'gentleman,' and to see what claim their conduct gave them to it, I was particularly anxious to fall in with some
15 one of them. But to begin with, since 'gentleman' meant both virtuous and beautiful, I would address myself to every beautiful person I saw, and would try to discover some instance of beauty and virtue
16 combined. Yet this was not always so. Nay, I learnt very certainly that a beautiful figure was often accompanied by a vicious mind, and I determined therefore to give up looking at beauty, and to visit some one who had the name of 'gentleman.'
17 So when I heard of Ischomachus, and that he was approved gentleman by men and women, strangers and fellow-citizens alike, I determined to try and meet him.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW SOCRATES FELL IN WITH ISCHOMACHUS, WHO TOLD HIM OF HOW HE TAUGHT HIS WIFE HER DUTIES, AND RECOUNTED HIS FIRST TALK WITH HER; OF THE DIVINE ORDERING OF THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY AS REGARDS MAN AND WIFE; AND OF THE INCREASING HONOUR IN WHICH THE GOOD WIFE IS HELD.

ONE day, then, I saw him sitting in the porch 1
of Zeus "That giveth us Freedom;" and as he seemed at leisure, I went up to him, and sitting me down beside him, Why, Ischomachus, said I, you are generally anything but an idle man;—why are you sitting here? For I almost always see you busying yourself in something, or at any rate not sitting quite idle in the market-place all the day long.

Nor indeed had you seen me doing so now, 2
Socrates, said Ischomachus, had I not agreed to wait here for some friends.

And, pray, said I, when you have nothing of this kind to do, where do you spend your time, and what do you? For I am very anxious to learn of you what it may be that you do that

they call you 'gentleman': you certainly are not a stay-at-home; you look too healthy for that.

3 At this Ischomachus smiled, amused at my "what do you do that they call you 'gentleman'?" and I think he liked the notion. I do not know, said he, whether you know any who in talking to you of me call me so or not. Certainly when they come to me for due subscription to navy or theatre,* it is not the 'gentleman' whom they ask for, but plain Ischomachus, and they just add my father's name. In answer to your question, Socrates, he added, I certainly am anything but a stay-at-home; indeed, why should I be, for my wife is able to arrange all household matters without help?

4 Yes, Ischomachus, said I, and here is another thing that I should be very pleased to hear from you. Did you teach your wife her duties yourself, or had she full knowledge of them when you took her away from her father and mother?

5 Was it likely, Socrates, said he, that she should have such knowledge when I took her away, seeing that she came to me before she was fifteen, and after living under the most watchful care, that she might see, hear, and say as little as
6 possible? Surely it was more than enough, think

* This last was called χορηγία. Chapter II., § 6, and note.

you not, for me to find in her one who could turn a fleece into a garment; and one whose eyes had taught her how to set her handmaidens at their spindles? For as far as concerned the passions, she came to me well trained: which is, I think, of the utmost importance for man and woman.

But in other matters, Ischomachus, said I, tell 7
me, did you teach your wife yourself, so as to fit her to attend to all her duties?

No, by Heaven, said Ischomachus, no! For first I offered sacrifice and prayer that I might teach and she learn what was best for both of us.

Well, and did your wife join with you in this 8
sacrifice and prayer?

Yes, surely, and solemnly vowed at the time to do her duty; showing very clearly that she would not disregard anything taught her.

Nay, but by Heaven, Ischomachus, said I, tell 9
me, I beg of you, what you first set about teaching her. For I had far rather hear this of you, than have you tell me any tale of grandest wrestling bout or chariot race.

Why, Socrates, replied Ischomachus, when I 10
had at last 'got her in hand,'* and when she was fairly in subjection to me, so that we could talk together, I put her a question something thus:

* ἐτιθασεύετο;—tamed like a wild animal.

Tell me, good wife, why, think you, did I marry you, and why did your parents give you
11 in marriage to me? For I know very well that there were plenty of others for you to marry, and for me, as you yourself too are well aware. However, when I was on the look-out for a wife for myself, and your parents for a husband for you—for the best partner of house and family, both of us—you were my choice, and, as it seems, I was the choice your parents made out of those
12 that were eligible.* Now, therefore, if Heaven ever grant us children, we shall consider how we may best bring them up. For in this we have a common interest, that we find them the best
13 defence† and support of our old age.‡ But at present, indeed, our common house and home is this: all my fortune, which I put into the common stock, just as you put into it everything that you brought with you. No reckoning as to which

* This rendering of *ἐκ τῶν δυνατῶν* has been preferred to "quantum in ipsis fuit," also possible.

† Compare, "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed *when they speak with their enemies* in the gate."—Psalm cxxvii. 7.

‡ *γηροβοσκῶν*. The full meaning of this word is very noticeable. It implies the duty of children in their days of strength to tend the failing powers of the parents who once so carefully tended them; and, though wealth may render actual support unnecessary, that at least of tenderness ever remaining. By Greek parents this fact of a recompense due was strongly felt. Compare Sophocles, Ajax, 567, *seqq.*,

of us has contributed the greater part, must enter into our calculations; let us rather be well assured that it is the best partner in household management who brings the most.

And the answer my wife made me, Socrates, was 14
this: But in what could I work with you? What power have I to do so? You are lord and master: my one duty, as my mother told me, is to keep my honour.

Yes, good wife, said I; and my father said the 15
same to me; but do not 'honourable' people, both man and wife, also strive to manage their property as best may be, and to add to it as largely as possible by fair means and just?

And what is there, said my wife, that you see, 16
by doing which I might add to our property?

Most assuredly this, said I; by using every

and Euripides, Supplices, 918, *seqq.*, where the lament of the Chorus is as follows:—

ἰὼὼ τέκνον δυστυχῆ σ'
ἔτρεφον, ἔφερον ὑφ' ἥπατος
πόνους ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν ὠδῖσι καὶ νῦν
Ἅιδας τὸν ἐμὸν ἔχει
μόχθον ἀθλίας, ἐγὼ δὲ
γηροβοσκὸν οὐκ ἔχω
τεκοῦσ' ἀ τάλαινα παῖδα.

("Alas, my child, to misery I brought thee up, and bare thee in the womb, enduring the pangs of travail; lo, and now Hades doth hold all that I suffered for, whilst I am left a wretched mother with no child to tend my failing years.")

endeavour to do as best you can all those things for which Heaven has fitted you, and which the law too sanctions.

17 And what are they all? said she.

They are, I think, of no small moment, said I, unless those things be of small moment over which
18 the queen bee in the hive presides. For to me, good wife, it seems that it was of the keenest insight that Heaven created them male and female, binding them one to the other, that so united they
19 might do each other better and best service. For first these two are coupled together to the end they may have children, that so the creatures of the earth shall not fail; and moreover we men find so provided those that will tend our declining years. But, secondly, let us add this, that men do not live, as do the beasts, under the open vault of heaven, but evidently have need of shelter.
20 They must, however, if they are to have aught to bring within that shelter, have also those that shall do every business of the field, such as are tillage and sowing, planting of tree, and tending of flock, whence come the necessaries of life.
21 And, again, when those necessaries are brought within, they must have some one to take care of the same, as well as one to do the business of the house. Shelter, too, is necessary for the rearing

of young children, for the preparing of food from the fruit of the earth, and for the working of raiment from wool. But since all work, both in- 22
doors and out, demands labour and diligent attention, Heaven, I think, so ordered our nature as to fit the woman for things demanding labour and diligent attention within, and the man for such things as demand them without. For 23
Heaven so made their bodies, and set their lives, as to render man strong to endure cold and heat, journeyings and warfare, so laying on him the works of the field; but to the woman gave less strength for such endurance, so laying, I think, on her the works of the house. But in the know- 24
ledge that it had been put into the nature of woman and made of her to rear young children, Heaven made her love for infants just born to exceed that of the man. And more: it was made 25
the duty of the woman to guard the things brought into the house; so Heaven, knowing that for guarding of goods a fearful heart is nothing ill, gave to the woman a larger share of fearfulness than to the man; whilst in the knowledge that he who works in the field must defend himself against all injury, there was given to the man the greater share of courage. But in that both alike must 26
give and receive, Heaven bestowed on both powers

of memory and attention in a like degree, so that you could not determine whether of the two
27 excels therein. So also for the ruling of their spirits, where so they should, they had equal opportunity given them; and it was granted to the stronger therein, be it the man or the woman, to inherit the greater portion of the good arising there-
28 from. But whereas they have not, both of them, natures of like power and capacity, so are they the more in need of each other, and their union the more profitable, in that where the one is weak, the
29 other is strong. And so, good wife, said I, since we know what has been given each of us to do, it remains for us to make every effort to fulfil our
30 respective duties. And these divine appointments, continued I, (as he went on to tell me) are sanctioned by the law, which unites together man and woman: and even as they have been made to hold their children, so does the law give them their home—in common. The law also shows how fair is the heavenly ordering of their several powers: it shows that for the woman it is fitter that she should remain within the house rather than go abroad, whilst for the man there were shame in his doing so, to the neglect of works in the
31 field. But if any do things contrary to the nature that has been given him, disturbing aught of the

divine order, then, may be, the eye of Heaven shall light on him, and he shall be punished for his fault, whether for failing of his own duties or for meddling with those of his wife. I think, said 32
I, that the queen bee is an instance of a creature fulfilling its divinely appointed duties.

The queen bee! said my wife; what has she to do that makes her duties and mine alike?

This, said I; that she remains in the hive and 33
will not suffer the bees to be idle, but makes those that have work abroad go forth to their labour; and notes as she receives it all that each brings home, taking good care of the same till the time for using it come, when she gives to each his due portion. And she is set also over the fair and 34
speedy building of cells within the hive; and cares for rearing of the young bees, of whom, when reared and fit for work, she sends out a colony led by some one of her subjects.*

And must I, said my wife, act so? 35

You must certainly, said I, stay at home, and send out those of the servants who have outdoor work to do. Those who have work indoors will be under you; and you will have to take charge of everything that is brought into the house, distributing it when wanted, and providently taking 36

* Reading ἐπομένων, not ἐπιγόνων.

care of the stores, so that we may not consume in a month what was meant to last a year. Are fleeces brought home to you?—you must see that those who want clothes have them. Have you dried provisions in store?—you must be sure that
37 they are in the best condition for eating. There is, however, one of your duties, said I, which you may find somewhat irksome: it is that if any one of the servants fall ill, you will have to nurse him, that so he may get well again.

Nay, but surely, said my wife, this will be anything but irksome,—at least, if those who get well again are grateful, and show themselves all the more loyal servants.

38 At this answer of hers, said Ischomachus, I was much delighted, and said: Is it not, dear wife, some such provident care as this that the queen bee in the hive shows; and are not the bees so attached to her, that when she goes forth, there is not one of them that thinks to leave her, but they all follow after her?*

39 But I wonder, answered my wife, if the duties of the chief bee do not belong to you rather than to me. For it would be rather absurd for me to be taking care of the stores, and dealing them

* For this devotion of the bees to their leader, compare Virgil. Georgic IV. 210 *seqq.*

out indoors, unless you took good care to have supplies brought in from outdoors.

But it would be equally absurd, said I, for me 40
to be bringing in supplies, unless there were some one to take care of them indoors. You know, do you not, how we pity the people in the story who drew water in a bucket with holes in it, because their labour was vain? *

Yes, said my wife, for that was such altogether wretched labour.

But you will have other duties, dear wife, said 41
I, that you will like; when, for instance, you teach some handmaiden, who came to you quite ignorant of spinning, how to spin, so that you end by valuing her doubly. So, too, with any one who comes to you ignorant of housekeeping and management, you will like teaching her to be a clever and faithful housekeeper, a thoroughly valuable servant. Or, again, you will find pleasure in rewarding those servants that are steady and profitable to your house, whilst you will punish

* Danaüs, king of Argos, being forewarned by an oracle that he should die at the hands of one of his sons-in-law, bade his daughters, the fifty Danaides, who were betrothed to their cousins, the fifty sons of Ægyptus, king of Egypt, slay each her bridegroom on the first night of her marriage. For this crime, which all, except Hypermnestra, consummated, they were doomed in hell to the everlasting toil of filling a sieve with water.

42 those that fail of their duties. But pleasure more than all shall you find, if you prove yourself my superior, and set me under you, having no cause to fear that, as years go on, the household shall hold you in less honour; nay, rather having full assurance that, as you grow older, the better wife and mistress and mother you prove yourself, the greater shall be the honour in which you shall be
43 held. For fair deeds and noble, said I, are held in admiration, not for any outward beauty in the doer of them, but rather for that beauty of the heart which aims at profiting the life of man.

Such, Socrates, (he concluded) as far as I remember, was my first talk with her.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE VALUE AND BEAUTY OF ORDER, AND THE USE OF THINGS, AS TAUGHT BY ISCHOMACHUS TO HIS WIFE.

AND did you observe, Ischomachus, said I, that 1
these words of yours stirred your wife to greater earnestness?

Yes, said he, most assuredly so; indeed, I well remember the pain and blushes it cost her, when once I asked for something that had been brought into the house, and she could not find it. However, when I saw her annoyance, I said, Never mind, good wife, this is nothing, your not 2
being able to give me what I happen to ask you for. It is, of course, "poverty indeed, not to have what you need;" but to need a thing, and just not to be able to find it, which is your case now, is not nearly so bad as never to think of looking for it, because you are sure that it is nowhere to look for. Now, however, you are not to blame, but I am, for not having told you as I gave you

everything, to put this here and that there, that so you may know where to place it and whence
3 to take it again. For nothing is more useful, nothing more fair for men than this—Order. For suppose a chorus* of so many men; if they all do just what each likes, the result is utter confusion, ugly to see; but let Order rule their every word and gesture, and that same chorus may well
4 demand attention from eye and ear alike. And so too with an army: without Order, it is all confusion; its foes can easily master it; its friends find grief in the sight of it; it is a thing that cumbers the ground, a mass of troopers, pack-asses, and light infantry, carriers, cavalry, and carriages, all thrown together. For how can a march be made with men like this, each in the other's way; those going slow in that of those going quick, and they in that of the halting: carriage and cavalry, pack-ass and carriage, carrier and trooper,
5 each in the way of the other? And how, if fight they must, can they possibly do so in such disorder? For in all probability those who have to retreat before the advancing foe will in so doing
6 trample under foot their fighting comrades. But

* The English reader is reminded that the chorus here spoken of is that of the ancient Greek drama; its part included both dance and song, and thus has no parallel in the modern theatre.

let Order hold sway, and that army is a sight of joy to friend; to foe, of wonder and dismay. For who of friends would not gaze with joy on an armed host marching in perfect order? who not look with admiration at cavalry riding on in set array? who of foes not fear, when his eye beholds troopers and cavalry, targeteers, archers, and slingers, all in their ranks, all duly following those that lead them? And as they move along, though 7
they number tens of thousands, still are they all as one man in the perfect quiet of their march, as one from behind ever comes up and fills the vacant ground. Or, again, what is it that makes 8
a well-manned galley a thing of fear to foes, to friends of great joy? Is it not the way in which it swiftly voyages along? And what is it that enables the crew to sit there on their benches, moving backwards and forwards; or to embark and disembark, all without troubling each other, if it be not Order? But look you now at Dis- 9
order: it is, I think, like unto a husbandman that throws into his granary barley and corn and pease all together; so when in due time he has need of barley or of corn for bread, and of pease for pottage, he is driven to plucking out grain by grain, since they are not carefully set apart, that he should take of them. And so, good wife, if 10

you would avoid such confusion, and strive after an accurate knowledge whereby to arrange our possessions, readily taking of them for any need, and gratifying me by giving me that which I may ask of you, let us now think on some suitable place for everything, and putting our goods into it, show our housekeeper whence everything may be taken, and where put back again. In this way we shall know what is used and what is left: the very emptiness of a place will show us what is gone, and a single glance tell us what needs attention; whilst knowing where everything is, we shall never be at a loss when we want it for use.

11 The most beautiful and accurate piece of arrangement, Socrates, that I ever remember seeing, was when I went on board the great Phœnician merchantman to look over her. For there I saw the largest number of things arranged in the
12 smallest possible space. Now it requires a great many things—oars and cordage—to put a ship into harbour and to take her out again; and a great deal of tackle too, as they call it, before she can sail along; she is equipped with many instruments of war against hostile vessels, and carries about many weapons for the men, having in her also for each mess all such appliances as

are used in a house; whilst beside all this she has a heavy cargo, which the shipmaster takes with him to make profit on. And all these 13
things that I am telling you of, said he, were stowed in a place not much bigger than a room in which ten dinner-couches could be comfortably set. And I observed that they were all so arranged that they did not get confused together, nor was there any need to hunt for them, since they were quite ready to hand and easily got at, so as to cause no delay when any one had sudden need of them. And then I found that 14
the steersman's mate, the man at the prow, as they call him, knew where everything was so well, that even when not on the spot he could tell where each thing was, and how many of everything the ship had, as easily as a man who knows his alphabet can tell you the number of letters in 'Socrates,' and what their different places in the word are. And I saw, Ischomachus 15
went on, this same man inspecting at his leisure everything ever used in the ship: and in some wonder at it, I asked him what he was doing; I, sir, said he, am inspecting the state of everything on board in case of an accident, to see if there is anything missing or not handy. For when 16
Heaven raises a storm on the sea, said he, there

is no time to look about for what you want, or to hunt for what is not at hand. For the Deity threatens the foolish-hearted, and punishes them; and if He refrain from destroying those that do no wrong, we must fain be content; while if He keep those that serve Him aright, we must render Heaven great thanks.

17 So then, after observing his accurate arrangement, I said to my wife: We should be very foolish-hearted (should we not?) if while people in ships, that are so small, find room for their goods, and keep them in order, despite all the tossing they get,—knowing too where to find what they want even in moments of the greatest panic,—yet we, in our house with its large and separate store-rooms, itself too on a firm foundation, do not find out for everything
18 good places and convenient. So far, I have said enough to you about how good a thing accurate Order is, and how easy it is to find a
19 place for everything in a house. And then, how fair a sight it is to see an orderly arrangement of even any kind of shoes, or garments, or bed linen, or vessels of brass, or table-gear; fair too, and graceful, (though this might seem especially ridiculous to some wit, not to a man of sober sense,) even pots and pans when arranged in

order.* And thus, too, does all else seem fairer 20
for being set in order; for the kinds of vessels
seem like some chorus; and fair is the space
between them, as each stands out clear; just as
a chorus moving in measured circles is not only
a fair sight in itself, but the space in the midst
of it also is fair and clear to view. That all this 21
is true, good wife, said I, we may test without
any great loss or trouble. But we need not either
have any fear but that we shall find some one
who will learn where everything is, and remember
to keep all separate. For we know, of course, 22
that in the whole city there is ten thousand
times as much as we have; and yet whatever
you bid a servant go and fetch from the market-
place, he is never at a loss, but always knows
whither to go and get it, and that only because
everything has its proper place. But often when 23
looking out for a man, who is himself, too,
looking out for you, you might grow weary of

* *εὔρυθμος*. A remarkable word as significant of the complete rhythm (*ῥυθμὸς*) whether of sound or motion, that was so great a characteristic of the Greek ideal (*cf.* xi. 16, *μεταῤῥυθμίζω*). The statement here that even pots and pans may look fair and graceful when arranged in order, finds certain verification in one of the bas-reliefs at the base of Giotto's Tower. They represent the various trades of Florence, the subject of the one in question being pottery, and exhibiting the potter with all his wares set out in the true beauty of perfect order.

waiting before you find him, and that just through not having agreed on some meeting-place to wait in.

Such, as far as I remember, was my talk with her about the arrangement and use of things.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE HOUSE OF ISCHOMACHUS AND ITS ORDERING. HIS CHOICE OF A HOUSEKEEPER, AND ADVICE TO HIS WIFE AS MISTRESS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

AND how did it end? said I. Did you find 1
that your wife paid any attention to what you so earnestly taught her?

Why, it ended thus; she promised to apply herself to it, and was evidently mightily pleased, just as if she had now left doubt behind her, and found all plain and straightforward. And so she begged me to lose no time in arranging everything in the way I had mentioned.

And what was the arrangement, Ischomachus, 2
said I, that you made for her?

Of course I thought it best to begin by showing her over the house: for it had no decorations, Socrates, but all its rooms were built with a view to containing, with all possible convenience, everything that we were going to put in them; and so they suggested of themselves what they were most

3 suited to be used for. First there was the store-
room. This was in a safe part of the house, and
so invited us to place in it our most valuable
bedding and vessels; and then the corn must be
put where it was driest; the wine where it was
coolest; and the vessels and pieces of fine work-
manship that wanted a good light, where they
4 would get a good light upon them. I next
showed her how the rooms of the house,
which *are* well ornamented, are cool in the
summer, whilst in winter they have the sun upon
them; and then I let her see how the whole
house faced the south, and thus, of course, is
well in the sun in winter, and in summer well in
5 the shade. And then I showed her the women's
quarters, separated by a bolted door * from
the men's, to prevent anything being wrongly
removed, and in order that the servants might not
have children without our knowing of it. For
good servants are, as a rule, all the more loyal
when children are born to them, but it makes
those that are bad all the more prone to mischief.
6 After going through all this, we now went on to
set apart our goods and chattels after their various
kinds. And first, we began by collecting together
everything used in sacrifice; then we set aside

* Reading θύρᾳ καὶ βαλάνῳ.

the women's holyday clothes, and those of the men, with their armour as well, ending by arranging the bedding in both their quarters, and the shoes belonging to each of them. We had all kinds of 7
appliances: some for spinning, some for grinding corn, some for cooking bread, others for washing, kneading, and the table; and we divided them all into two sets,—one for every-day use, and the other for state occasions. We set aside such 8
things as we always consume in a month, storing elsewhere those reckoned to last a year; since so we are more certain how everything is finally spent. After setting all our goods and chattels properly apart, we next put them in the several places meant for them; after which we took such 9
things as the servants use every day for making bread, cooking, spinning, and everything else there might be of the kind; and after showing those who use them where to put them, we handed them into their charge and bade them take good care of them. Such, however, as we use for 10
festivals or entertainments, or only on rare occasions, we gave into the housekeeper's charge, after showing her where they should be kept, counting them over and making a list of them; we bade her give any one of them to such as had need of it, remembering to whom she gave

it, and putting it back again in its place when returned to her.

11 And the way we appointed our housekeeper was this. We sought out her who had, we thought, the greatest self-restraint * where eating, wine, sleep, or the passions were concerned. Nor did we omit to take into our consideration the best memory and foresight, which aimed at avoiding punishment for neglect, and at looking how she might give us satisfaction, and be by us
12 duly remembered for it. We further inspired her with feelings of loyalty towards us, making her to rejoice with us when we rejoiced, and calling her to help us in any time of grief or trouble. And we set about teaching her to feel a zealous interest in increasing the prosperity of the house, by acquainting her with all its concerns, and
13 letting her have a share in its welfare.† And further, we instilled into her a notion of justice by honouring the just beyond the unjust, and showing her that they enjoyed a life of greater luxury and liberty than the latter. And so we made her our housekeeper.

14 But more than this, Socrates, said he, I told

* On the Greek word *ἐγκρατής*, see note on Chapter II., § 1.

† Probably by the addition of small luxuries, as they grew richer themselves.—*Cf.* XII., § 6.

my wife that all this was of no use unless she too attended in person to the proper order being kept: and I showed her that in well-ordered states the people are not satisfied with a code of good laws merely, but, further, appoint guardians of the laws,* who are overseers, and give praise to him that acts lawfully, but to the transgressor of the laws punishment. So I bade my wife, 15
said he, look on herself as guardian of the laws of our household, and go over the furniture from time to time at her discretion, just as the officer of a garrison reviews his guards; to give her approval if all is well, like the Senate in the case of the horses and cavalry, in royal fashion bestowing praise and honour on him who has done well according to his power; but letting disgrace and punishment fall on him who has failed of the right. But moreover, said he, she could 16
feel no just annoyance, I told her, at my setting her more to do than the servants had, giving her for reason that the only concern of servants

* *νομοφύλακας.* This office of "guardian of the laws" existed at Sparta and in some other states. At Athens it was established in the time of Pericles, but held of no high account, its function being to prevent the passing of any measure inconsistent with existing laws. It is mentioned in Plato, Laws, 755, 770, and in Aristotle, Pol. vi. 8, 24, where it is stated to be an institution especially suited to an aristocratical government.

in their master's possessions is just to carry or look to or guard them; since they may never use any of them, unless their master gives them leave: but everything is his, to use what he
17 will. It is, then, as I pointed out to her, to him who gains most by its safety and loses most by its damage, that the care of property most fitly belongs.

18 Well, Ischomachus, said I, and what answer did your wife make in obedience to all this?

What but this, Socrates, said he, that I greatly misjudged her if I thought that in bidding her look after our property I was setting her to do a hard thing. It had been surely harder, said she, to set me to neglect my property, than to bid me take good care of what was my own.
19 For it seems, he concluded, that Nature has so ordered things, that just as a good woman finds it easier to care for her own children than to be careless of them, so too (in my opinion, at least) she finds it of more joy to take care of her property, in the possession of which she finds so much delight, than to be careless of it.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE WIFE OF ISCHOMACHUS READILY OBEYED HER HUSBAND, AND GAVE UP ALL FALSE ADORNMENTS, SEEKING HOW SHE MIGHT BECOME A GOOD MISTRESS AND WIFE.

ON hearing, said Socrates, that this was the 1
answer his wife made him, Marry, Ischomachus, cried I; you imply that your wife has a brave soul.

Yes, said Ischomachus; and I wish to give you further proofs of her magnanimity, by telling you of certain cases where she obeyed me at once, without my having to repeat the advice I gave her.

Indeed! said I, then tell me about them; for I would far more gladly hear of some living woman endowed with that beauty of the heart, than have Zeuxis show me some portrait of a woman passing fair.

Well then, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I one 2
day saw that she had a quantity of white lead rubbed into her skin, to make her look whiter

than she really was, as well as a quantity of alkanet * to make her redder than she really was, while she had on high-heeled shoes to make her look taller than she really was; and
3 so I said to her, Tell me, wife, in which of these cases would you think the partner in your property the more worthy of your love: if I were to show you all that I really have, with no vain boasting that I am richer than I am, and no concealment of any deficiency, or if I set about deceiving you, and told you that I am richer than is true, bidding you look at money that was false, and at golden necklaces that were of wood, and at garments of purple whose colour could not last, but which I told you were genuine and real?

4 And she caught me up at once. Nay, nay, talk not so, she said; Heaven forbid you should ever act thus, for were you to do so, I could never feel any real love for you.

Well then, I asked, did we not marry, good wife, that I might be yours and you mine?

Yes, said she, at least so the world says.

5 And would you think me more worthy of your

* Alkanet, ἔγχουσα, or ἄγχουσα (Lat. anchusa), a plant whose root yields a red dye, used for rouge. It is the wild bugloss (*Anchusa Alcibiadion* or *lubra*), a full account of which may be found in Gerarde's Herbal, chap. 271.

love, more fit to hold you mine, if I set about being careful of myself, trying to keep myself for you healthy and strong, so having a really good complexion; or if colouring my face with vermilion, and daintily painting my eyes, I came forward and lived with you a life of deceit, presenting to your sight and touch, not Ischomachus, but only paste and paint?

6 As far as I am concerned, she answered, I should not find more pleasure for touch or sight in the fine fellow with his paste and paint than in you; nor would I rather see your eyes painted than have them look healthy and strong.

7 So also be sure that I, good wife, replied Ischomachus, (as he told me) find no more pleasure in a complexion of white lead and alkanet than in that which is your own. But just as Heaven made horses and oxen and sheep to find most delight each in its own kind, so too do men think that there is most delight in the natural form and colour of man. 8 And though these deceits may possibly escape the passing stranger, and he be deceived by them, still those whose life is spent together, must, if they attempt to deceive one another, ever be caught in so doing: either when they rise in the morning before the deceit is renewed, or, if not so, the

sweat of their brow convicts them, or tears put them to the test, or again whilst bathing some eye is upon them, and they are unmasked and seen.

9 And in the name of Heaven, said I, what answer made she to this?

What but this, said he, that from that time forward she never did anything of the kind, but rather all she could to make herself fair and natural to see; nay, she once asked me if I could give her any advice how to become really beau-
10 tiful, and not merely to seem so. And, Socrates, said he, I did give her some advice. I told her not to be ever sitting down like a slave, but to try with Heaven's help to be a true mistress, standing by the loom, teaching in aught where she was the wiser, and learning where others were wiser than she. I told her to look after the baking, and watch the housekeeper dealing out the stores; going her rounds too, and seeing if everything was in its proper place: which would, I thought, give her employment, and a walk as
11 well. I told her too that she would find good exercise in making the dough and kneading it; as also in shaking out the clothes and bed-linen, and folding them up. And this exercise, I continued, would make her appetite better, her

body more healthy, and her complexion fairer yet not false. Let a husband look from a 12
servant to his wife, and if he sees his wife more really fair, her dress too more becoming, his love for her grows warm; and that above all when she gives him pleasure of her own accord, instead of only doing his compulsory service. But women who in a pompous dignity never 13
rise from their seats, force us to consider them amongst such as are decked out with deceit. And now, Socrates, do not doubt, said he, that my wife is circumspect in all she does, living after the teaching I gave her, as you have just heard.

CHAPTER XI.

OF SOCRATES AND THE HORSE OF NICIAS. OF THE RIGHT USE OF WEALTH. ALSO HOW ISCHOMACHUS SPENT HIS DAY, SEEKING TO PROMOTE JUSTICE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1 THERE, Ischomachus, said I, about what your wife does I think I have heard enough to begin with, and very creditable it is to both of you. But now, I continued, let me hear what you do, so that you may have the pleasure of recounting the causes of your good report, and I an opportunity of gratitude to you for describing to me thoroughly what the duties of the true gentleman are, and helping me to learn them, if so I can.

2 Nay, Socrates, exclaimed Ischomachus, I shall be quite delighted to give you an account of my daily duties; and to look too for your correction, wherever you may think me wrong.

3 What, I! was my answer, how could I have the right to correct a finished gentleman; and that when they call me a prating and specula-

tive fellow,* and charge me moreover with what is, it seems, the most monstrous crime of all—my poverty. And I should have been quite dis- 4
heartened, Ischomachus, at this reproach; but the day before yesterday I met the horse of Nicias the foreigner, followed by a crowd of spectators, some of them talking quite eagerly about him: and I went up to the groom, and actually asked if the horse was very wealthy. He stared at 5
me as though I must be utterly insane to ask such a question, and answered, How on earth could a horse be wealthy? These words gave me great relief; so then a horse need not be wealthy to become good, if only it was naturally of good mettle. Even I, then, may become a 6
good man; so give me a full account of what you do, in order that I may learn what I can from you, and to-morrow make my first efforts to imitate you. For a favourable day, I continued, for the beginning of virtue will be—to-morrow.

All your jesting, Socrates, replied Ischomachus, 7
will not prevent my telling you how, as far as I

* ἀερομετρεῖν, 'to measure the air,' hence 'to lose oneself in vague speculations.' Part of the charge against Socrates, on which he was condemned and put to death, is given in Plato's 'Apology' (p. 19):—"Socrates is a doer of evil, and a speculative person, searching into things under earth and in heaven, and making the worse appear the better reason." (Compare below, § 25.)

8 am able, I try to spend my life. I have thoroughly learnt, as I believe, that Heaven has made it unlawful for men to succeed unless they recognize their duty, and are diligent in accomplishing it; while to the wise and diligent it has given sometimes happiness, sometimes misfortune: so then, though I begin by doing worship to Heaven, I endeavour to act in such a way that it may be meet and right that my prayer be heard both for health and strength, for high position in the State and the goodwill of my friends, for an honourable safety in war and an honourable increase of wealth.

9 At this, I asked, What! do you really care, Ischomachus, for wealth and many possessions, with the many troubles that the care of them brings?

I care very much, replied Ischomachus, for all those things of which you ask; for I think it is pleasant, Socrates, both to worship Heaven with all due honour, to help friends when they have need of anything, and to see that where I am rich, the State shall never lack adornment from me.

10 Yes, Ischomachus, said I, for here honour is concerned, and the duty assuredly of a man of high position. How can it be otherwise, when there are many men who are not able to live without de-

pendence on others, while many are glad if they be able to get the necessaries of life? But those who are able not only to support their own houses, but also have a superabundance, so that they can even spare money to adorn the State and to relieve their friends—what should we call these but men of substance and power? But praise of these 11
men, I continued, is an easy matter for all of us: do you rather go on telling me as you began, what attention do you pay to your health, and to your strength; and how you make it meet and right that you should find an honourable safety even in war. It will be time enough to hear about your business after all this.

Well, said Ischomachus, as I take it, Socrates, 12
all these depend upon one another. For after one has had enough to eat, I think that health is best kept by working it off properly; and work is the best means to strength; and practice in military exercises the best means to safety; and proper diligence, together with all avoidance of effeminacy, the most likely means to increase one's estate.

Well, I follow you so far, Ischomachus, said I, 13
that in your opinion work and diligence and practice are most likely to bring good to a man; but I should be glad to learn, I continued, how

you labour after health and strength, and how you practise military exercises, and are diligent to get abundance, so that you may even help your friends, and contribute to the support of the State.

14 Well then, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I am accustomed to rise from bed in time to find at home any one whom I may wish to see. And if I have any business in town, I make use of this
15 walk to transact it; but if there be no need to go into town, my servant takes the horse out on to the estate, while I perhaps gain more benefit from a walk through the country lanes, Socrates, than I should from pacing up and down in
16 the Arcade. And when I arrive at the estate, whether I find them planting, or ploughing up fallow land, or sowing, or harvesting, I always look at the way they are doing it, and make any improvements I can upon what is being done.
17 After that, I generally mount my horse, and practise riding, as like as I can to that required in war, and shirk neither downhill, nor ditch, nor stream; taking, however, all possible
18 care not to lame my horse. This done, my servant gives him a roll on the grass, and takes him home, at the same time carrying anything wanted from the estate into town. Meanwhile

I go home, partly walking, partly running, and then rub myself down;* after which I take my morning meal,† Socrates, enough to last me through the day, without over-eating myself.

19 Marry, Ischomachus! cried I, how pleased I am at your doing all this! For at the same time to busy yourself in arrangements contrived for your health and strength, and in military exercises, and diligently to further your fortunes, is I think all admirable. 20 For you give proof enough that you are rightly diligent in each of these matters; for, Heaven helping you, we generally see you well and strong, and we know that you are accounted a most excellent rider and a very wealthy man.

21 Yet though my life is such, Socrates, he continued, I am greatly calumniated in many quarters; but you perhaps thought I was going to say how it is that many have given me the name of 'gentleman'?

22 Yes; but here is another thing, Ischomachus, about which I was going to ask you, said I. Do you ever take any pains to be able to render

* *i.e.* with the 'strigil,' or 'στλεγγίς,' an instrument used by both Greeks and Romans after the bath or exercise in the Gymnasium, to scrape and clean the skin.

† Gr. ἄριστον, the first regular meal of the day, but later than our breakfast.

account of yourself, and require it of another, should it chance to be necessary?

What! do you not see, Socrates, he replied, that this is just what I spend my life in practising, to defend myself from all charge of injustice to any one, and to do good as widely as I can? Do you not see that I practise myself in accusation, and so find out many who wrong both individuals and the state, but do good to none?

23 Well, Ischomachus, said I, if you make a habit of interpreting all this, I should be glad of some farther explanation.

Well then, Socrates, said he, I never cease to practise speaking. For I am always either trying to sift the accusations and excuses I hear from my servants, or praising and blaming some one to my friends, or endeavouring to reconcile some of my acquaintances, and to show them their own ad-

24 vantage in friendship rather than in enmity. When we are on service under a general, we are always bringing a charge against some one, or defending any one against whom an unjust charge is brought; or accusing amongst ourselves any that have been unjustly promoted to honour. And very often also we have debates together, where we always praise the course we are anxious to take, and blame that which we wish to avoid. But as

it is, Socrates, he continued, I myself am often 25
arrested and brought to the bar on charges involving punishment or fine.

By whom, Ischomachus? I cried; for I never heard of this.

By my wife, he replied.

And pray how do you defend yourself? I asked.

Quite fairly, when it is my interest to tell the truth; though when a lie would help me, Socrates, upon my word I never can make the worse appear the better reason!

Yes, Ischomachus, I replied, perhaps you cannot make falsehood true.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THAT STEWARDS MUST LEARN BOTH GOODWILL AND CAREFULNESS. OF THOSE WHO CANNOT LEARN CAREFULNESS: ALSO OF THE FORCE OF THE MASTER'S EXAMPLE.

1 NAY, but Ischomachus, said I, do not let me keep you, if you would go away now.

Not at all, Socrates, said he, for I would not leave before the court is finally dismissed.

2 Verily, said I, you are taking wondrous care not to lose your surname of 'gentleman'! For just now, notwithstanding the many cares that no doubt call you away, yet since you agreed to meet those friends, you wait for them, that your word may not be broken.

And you know, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I do not neglect the matters you speak of either: for I have stewards over my estate.

3 And when you are in need of a steward, Ischomachus, I said, do you ascertain where a man with stewardship in him is to be found, and then endeavour to buy him—just as when

you are in need of a carpenter you ascertain, I am sure, where such a man is to be found, and then endeavour to buy him;—or do you train up your stewards yourself?

I endeavour, Socrates, said he, to train them up 4
from childhood myself. For why need the man whose care is to suffice in my place when I am absent know anything that I do not? For if I am able to manage the business, then surely I might teach others what I know myself.

Goodwill, then, toward you and yours is the 5
first thing, said I, that he will require to have, if he is to suffice in your place when you are absent. For without this goodwill, what would be the use of a steward's having ever so much knowledge?

None at all, certainly, said Ischomachus; so goodwill toward me and mine is the first thing I try to teach him.

And how, I asked, how in Heaven's name do 6
you teach this goodwill toward you and yours to whomsoever you may wish?

By good treatment,* said Ischomachus, whenever Heaven bestows upon us any abundant and ungrudged good.

* Compare Chapter IX., § 12.

7 Do you say then, asked I, that those who enjoy a share in your good things bear goodwill toward you, and wish you good success?

Yes, Socrates, for I see that this is the best means of producing goodwill.

8 Well, suppose a man bears goodwill toward you, Ischomachus, said I, is he therefore fit to be your steward? Do you not see that almost all men bear goodwill toward themselves, yet there are many of them who will not take the care necessary to obtain those good things they would?

9 Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus; so whenever I wish to appoint such men stewards, I teach them to be careful too.

10 How, in Heaven's name? cried I; for this I always thought utterly impossible—to teach carefulness.

Well, it certainly is not possible, Socrates, said he, to teach every one carefulness straight away.

11 What kind of men can be taught? I asked; by all means point them out to me clearly.

In the first place, Socrates, said he, those who are intemperate in their use of wine you could not make careful. For drunkenness makes one forget everything that needs doing.

12 Is it then the intemperate in wine only, I

asked, that are unable to become careful, or are there others also?

Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus, there are sluggards too. For when one is asleep, one can neither do what should be done, nor get others to do it.

Well, said I, and are these the only ones we 13
have that will be unable to learn this lesson of carefulness, or are there still some others?

I certainly think, said Ischomachus, that those also who are lovesick are incapable of learning to take care of anything beside their passion. For it would be hard to find any hope or care 14
more to their mind than that which they take about their passion; nor, indeed, is it easy to inflict on them any harsher punishment, whenever business interferes, than to separate them from the object of their affections. So I pass by all those, too, whom I know to be of this disposition, and I never attempt to appoint any of them as stewards.

But what, said I, of such as are in love with 15
gain? Are they, too, incapable of being trained to carefulness in farm-work?

No, indeed, said Ischomachus, by no means; but they with extreme ease may be led to care for such things: for nothing is needed but just

to show them that their carefulness is profitable.

16 But other men, said I, — supposing they are self-restrained in the points you require, and are moderately fond of gain,—how do you train such to be careful in your affairs?

That is simple enough, Socrates, said he; for when I see them taking care, I praise them and give them credit for it; but when they are careless I say and do all I can to make them feel it.

17 Come, Ischomachus, continued I, let us turn the conversation from education to the subject of carefulness; and explain to me also if it is possible for a man who is himself careless to make others careful.

18 No, indeed, replied Ischomachus, no more than it is for a man who is himself illiterate to teach others the grace of letters. For it is hard when the teacher sets a bad example of a thing, to do it well; and as hard when the master sets an example of carelessness, for the servant to
19 become careful. In a word, I do not think that the servants of a bad master have ever learnt to be good; I have, however, before now seen those of a good master do badly, but never without suffering for it. But he who would make

any careful ought also himself to be watchful and able to examine their work; he should be willing to reward those who do well, nor shrink from inflicting on neglect the punishment it deserves. There is related, said Ischomachus, an answer 20 made by a Persian to his king, which I have ever admired. The king had lately become possessed of a fine horse, which he was anxious to make sleek and strong, as soon as might be. And thereunto he made inquiry of one who was reputed to be skilful in such matters, what would soonest make the horse sleek and strong; and to this he replied, "His master's eye." Even so, Socrates, he concluded, in all else I think the master's eye best able to make things fair and good.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCERNING THE TRAINING OF STEWARDS.

1 BUT when you have ever so firmly impressed on any one, said I, that he must needs be careful wherever you would have him be so, will such an one be able then and there to act as steward; or will he have to learn something besides, if he is to be an able steward?

2 Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus; there is still something left for him to understand—both what is to be done, and when and how to do it; if not, how is a steward without this knowledge of more use than a physician who would care for a patient, attending him early and late, yet was ignorant as to what treatment would be for his patient's good?

3 But if he have also learnt how farm-work is to be done, said I, will he need anything besides, or will your steward now be perfect?

I think he should learn, said he, to manage the labourers.

What! exclaimed I; do you also train up your 4
stewards to be capable of managing men?

Well, I try, said Ischomachus.

And how, in Heaven's name, said I, do you teach them to be managers of men?

In so simple a way, said he, that perhaps you would even ridicule it when you heard it.

Nay, it is no matter for ridicule, Ischomachus, 5
said I; for any one that can create skilful managers of men, is no doubt able to create masters over men too; but he that can create masters can also create kings. So that not ridicule but great praise is meet, I think, for one who can do this.

Well then, Socrates, said he, the lower animals 6
learn obedience from two things: they are always punished if they attempt to disobey; and well-treated for zealous service. At any rate, colts 7
learn thorough obedience to the horsebreakers by receiving some pleasant reward whenever they obey, and suffering punishment whenever they are restive, until they submit to the mind of the horsebreaker. And in the same way also little 8
dogs, though they have not the mind and language of man, yet learn to scamper round and round, and gambol, and do many other tricks: for whenever they obey they get something that they

want; but whenever they will not attend, they
9 are punished. But men can be taught to be far more obedient, and that by word only, when they are shown that obedience is to their profit; while as for slaves, in teaching them obedience we may even have to use a training which seems fit only for beasts: gratify their appetite in its desires, and you might do much with them; whilst to natures desirous of honour, praise is the keenest spur. For there is a hunger and thirst after praise in some natures, no less
10 than after meat and drink in others. Such then are the means I use, and which, I think, make my servants more obedient; and these I teach to any that I would appoint my stewards. But I have other plans besides. The garments and shoes with which I have to furnish my labourers I do not provide all alike, but some worse and some better, in order that I may be able to honour the more diligent with the better, and to the more
11 idle give the worse. For I am quite sure, Socrates, said he, that good workmen become disheartened, whenever they see that, whilst they do all the work, a like reward is given to those who never
12 will undergo necessary toil or risk. And so in my opinion the worse ought in nowise to receive equal shares with the better; and I praise my

stewards whenever I see that they have distributed the best things among those who deserve most; but if ever I see preferment won either by flattery, or by any other profitless means of favour, I do not pass it over, but rebuke it; and thus I try, Socrates, to show that, even to him who does them, such things are both vain and void.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW STEWARDS ARE TO BE TAUGHT JUSTICE.

1 WELL, Ischomachus, said I, suppose that your steward has now become able to manage men, so that he can bring them to obey him, do you consider him by this time perfect, or does he still need something beside the qualities of which you have been speaking?

2 Yes, indeed, said Ischomachus; to keep his hands from his master's goods, and from all manner of theft. For if he who has the management of the harvest should dare to make away with so much as would leave no profit on the labour, what advantage would there be in farming carried on under his care?

3 Do you then undertake, asked I, to teach justice as well?

Certainly, said Ischomachus, though I do not find that all readily submit to that teaching.

4 And yet by adopting some of the laws of Draco, and others from the code of Solon, I try, said

he, to lead my servants into the path of justice. For these great men too, I think, continued he, made justice the foundation of many of their laws. For there is a law of fine for theft, of 5
bonds for him that is caught in the act; and for assault, of death. These laws, then, they no doubt enacted in the wish to make the unjust love of gain a vice that profits nothing. I there- 6
fore, he went on, by quoting some of these, as well as others from those of the kings of Persia, try to render my servants just in all that they have in hand. For the laws first mentioned treat 7
of no more than penalties for wrong-doers; while those of the kings of Persia not only punish the unjust, but reward the just; so that when they see the just becoming richer than the unjust, many men—with all their love of gain—will steadfastly persist in shunning injustice. But 8
wherever I perceive men trying to do injustice, said he, in spite of all good treatment, I count them as incurably grasping, and straightway dis-
charge them from their place of trust. And again, 9
whenever I see men that are just, not only from a desire to be benefited by their justice, but also in anxiety to win my praise, I at once treat all such as freemen, and not only enrich them, but do them honour as gentlemen. For in this I 10

think, Socrates, he concluded, lies the difference between a man that loves honour and one that loves gain—in the willingness of the one, for the sake of praise and honour, to undergo labour, if need be, and danger; and to keep his hands from dishonourable gain.

CHAPTER XV.

OF PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE IN STEWARDS: AND THE GENTLE COURTESY OF AGRICULTURE.

I WILL no longer ask you, said I, whether 1
anything more is required in a man with such qualities as these. For any one in whom you create not only a wish for your prosperity, but a careful desire that your business be fully accomplished; to whom you give the gain of knowledge how each part of the farm-work might prove ever more profitable; who, further, has learnt from you how to manage the men under him, and more than all, in showing you that of the fruit of the earth there is in its season all possible abundance, feels a pleasure which is altogether equal to your joy at the sight,—such an one would, I am sure, be already a steward of no insignificant value. And yet, Ischomachus, continued I, do not leave unexplained that part of our subject which has been most slightly touched upon.

What may that be? asked Ischomachus. 2

You said,—did you not?—replied I, that a most important thing for a steward to learn was how everything should be wrought out; if not, even of his carefulness, you said,* no profit would come, unless he were to understand what was to be
3 done, and how to do it. Well, Ischomachus, said I, from what you told me I think I have learnt thoroughly enough how to train a steward; for I believe I have learnt from what you said how he must be taught goodwill and carefulness, and
4 management of men, and justice; but as to what you said, that he who is to have the care of farm-work in a right way must learn both what to do and how and when each thing is to be done,—all this, I think, has been too slightly
5 touched upon in our talk. It is as though you were to say that one must understand letters to be able to write from dictation, and read writing; for this would tell me that it is necessary to understand letters; yet this knowledge would not, I fancy, give me any further understanding of them.
6 So too in this case, I am easily persuaded that one must understand farm-work to take care of it in a right way: but this does not give me any further understanding of how one should farm an
7 estate. But if I were to take it into my head

* Chapter XIII., § 2.

forthwith to set about farming, I fancy I should be like a physician who makes his rounds and looks at his patients, but knows nothing of the right treatment for them. To save me from such ignorance, I concluded, teach me the actual details of farm-work.

You ask me nothing less, Socrates, said Ischo- 8
machus, than to teach you the whole art of husbandry?

Yes, replied I, for this same art is probably the one that most enriches those who understand it, while, labour as they will, it condemns the ignorant to a life of poverty.

Well, then, Socrates, said he, you shall now hear 9
the courtesy* also of this art. For being as it is most profitable and pleasant to work, and fairest and most beloved by gods and men,—moreover the easiest to learn,—how can it help being gentle? And 'gentle' is a word we apply even to beasts, such as being fair and great and serviceable are obedient to the hand of man. Nay more, Socrates, 10
continued he, in that it does not, like other arts, require its learners to labour and toil, before their work is worth their daily bread—husbandry is not so irksome to learn; but after seeing some details

* *φιλανθρωπία*, translated 'courtesy' rather than 'philanthropy,' as the latter is open to misunderstanding.

in practice, and hearing others from precept, the learner would at once understand them well enough
11 even to teach others, if so he wished. And I think, said he, that you are very little aware how much you understand about it. For somehow, all other artists hide the most important processes of their arts. Not so with farmers. For those who excel both in planting and sowing would find especial pleasure in being watched at work: ask what you will about any good piece of work, and a farmer would always tell you how he did it.
12 So too, Socrates, he concluded, does husbandry seem to adorn its votaries with peculiar gentleness of character.

13 Well, your beginning, said I, is fine; and after hearing so much, one cannot turn away from the question. And its being so easy to learn is all the more reason why you should go through it with me thoroughly. For you need feel no shame in teaching me an easy lesson;—far greater shame were mine not to understand it, especially when it happens to be so much to my profit.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW TO LEARN THE NATURE OF THE SOIL. OF FALLOW LAND.

IN the first place, then, Socrates, said he, I would 1
show you that there is no real difficulty in what is called the great riddle of husbandry by people who, though they possess the most thorough and accurate knowledge in theory, have absolutely no practical experience of it. For it is said that he who would set about farming in the right way ought first to know the nature of the soil.

And rightly said too, replied I. For he who 2
does not know what the soil can bear, would not, I imagine, know either what to sow, or what to plant.

Well then, said Ischomachus, by observing their 3
crops and trees, we can learn from the lands of other men what soils can and what they cannot bear. And when one knows this, there is no longer any use in fighting against Providence. For a man would not obtain the necessaries of life by

sowing and planting whatever he might want himself, rather than what the soil willingly bore and
4 nourished. But if, through the sloth of its possessors, it have no chance of showing its power, from a neighbour's estate one may learn many times more truly about it than from a neighbour's
5 advice. Even when lying waste it shows its nature all the same. For cultivate the soil which brings forth wild things in beauty, and you will find it yield in their beauty things no longer wild. The nature of the soil, therefore, even those who are not very experienced in husbandry can nevertheless learn by these means.

6 Well, Ischomachus, said I, perhaps I have already courage enough to forbid my refraining from husbandry through any fear of my ignorance of the
7 nature of the soil. For I cannot help thinking, continued I, how fishermen—though all their work is at sea, and they must neither stand still, nor sail leisurely along, to observe the corn-fields minutely—yet at the instant they scud past them, and glance at their crops, conclude at once whether the soil is good or bad; blaming some parts and praising others. And I see that the adepts in husbandry for the most part form their conclusions about good soil in the same manner.

8 At what point, Socrates, said he, would you have

me begin putting you in mind of husbandry? For I am quite sure that you know already many of the precepts for farming that I shall give you.

I think, Ischomachus, said I, that in the first 9
place I should be glad to hear what a philosopher more than all men ought to know, how, if I wished, I could so till the ground as to raise most barley and wheat.

Well, you know that you must plough up the 10
fallow land for sowing?

Yes, I know that, replied I.

Suppose, then, said he, we were to begin 11
ploughing the land in winter?

Nay, it would be all mud, said I.

Well, what think you of the summer?

The soil would be hard, I replied, to break with the plough.

It seems, then, said he, that we ought to begin 12
work in the spring.

Yes, for it is likely, I replied, that the soil would be most easily broken up, if ploughed then.

Yes, and the weeds being ploughed in at that season, Socrates, said he, will afford a ready manure for the soil, nor can they any longer shed their seeds, and so spring up again. For I suppose 13
you know also that if the fallow land is to reward you with success, it should be both clear of

weeds, and as much as possible open to the warmth of the sun.

Certainly, I replied, for so I think.

14 Do you then think, asked he, that this could be done in any better way than by turning the soil as often as possible in the summer?

I am quite sure, I replied, that in no way would the weeds come to the top, and be withered by the sun's heat, and the soil be mellowed by the sun, better than by turning it with the plough in midsummer and at midday.

15 But is it not quite clear, said he, that if men were to work the fallow land with the spade, they would have to deal separately with soil and with weeds?

Yes, said I, they would have to throw the weeds down on the ground for the sun to scorch them, but turn up the soil, that so its crudeness might mellow.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE SEASONS AND MANNER OF SOWING.

ABOUT fallow land, said he, you see, Socrates, we are both of the same opinion. 1

Yes, it seems so, said I.

Well, he continued, have you any opinion on the season for sowing, other than that which all our forefathers from experiment, and all the present generation from tradition, agree to be the best? For when the end of autumn is come, all men, I suppose, look up to Heaven for the time when It shall water the earth and send them forth to sow. 2

Yes, Ischomachus, said I, all men have learnt that they must not sow while the ground is dry, if they can avoid it, since they see that those who sow before the signal has been made to them by Heaven, have to struggle with many penalties for so doing.

Then on this point, said Ischomachus, we are agreed with all men. 3

Yes, replied I, for thus are all men in perfect agreement about the teaching of Heaven. For instance, every one thinks it better to dress in warm clothes and light a fire, in winter, if he have warm clothes, and firewood.

4 But in this next matter, said Ischomachus, we at once find much difference of opinion, Socrates, concerning sowing,—whether it is best done early, or late, or in the mid season.

But Heaven, I replied, does not ordain the weather of every year according to a fixed rule; but at one time it is best to take the earliest season, at another the middle, at another the latest.

5 Then which, Socrates, asked he, do you think is better, to make choice of one of these sowing times, and sow your seed, be it much or be it little, or to begin at the earliest opportunity, and keep on sowing till the last?

6 My opinion, Ischomachus, I replied, is that it is best to share in all seasons for sowing.* I am sure it is much better ever to reap a sufficient harvest, than one year a very great deal, and another year not even enough to live on.

* Compare, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

Then on this point too, Socrates, said he, we agree—master and scholar; and you are beforehand with me in declaring your views.

To proceed, said I. Is there not much cunning 7
needed in the art of casting the seed into the ground?

By all means, Socrates, said he, let us consider this subject too. I suppose you know that the seed has to be cast from the hand? said he.

Yes, said I, for I have seen it done.

But some persons, said he, are able to cast it evenly, whilst others cannot.

Well, then, we have already something that needs practice, said I, like lyre-playing, that the hand may be able to do the mind's bidding.

Certainly, he replied, but suppose some ground 8
lighter and some richer.

Why, what do you mean? asked I. Does lighter mean weaker, and richer stronger?

That is what I mean, he replied; and I should like you to tell me if you would allow the same amount of seed to each kind of soil, or to which would you allow most?

The stronger the wine, I answered, the more 9
water, I believe, can be mixed with it; and in carrying weights the stronger the man the heavier the burden we may lay upon him; and so, too,

when men have to be fed, to the richer I should give the greater number to feed. But whether weak land, like beasts of burden, becomes stronger by putting more corn into it—this *you* must tell me.

10 Ischomachus answered with a laugh. Nay, you are jesting, Socrates, said he; be assured, however, that after sowing,—when the soil has plenty of nourishment from the rain, and a green blade has sprung up from the seed,—if you plough this into the soil, it will enrich the land, and like manure will give it strength. If, however, you allow the land to go on ripening seed, it will be as difficult for a weak soil to bring much corn to perfection, as it is for a worn-out sow to suckle to maturity a large litter of pigs.

11 You mean, Ischomachus, said I, that in weaker soil, less seed should be sown?

Yes, certainly, he replied, and you yourself agreed with me in saying that to the weaker should always be given a lesser task.

12 But why do you hoe the corn, Ischomachus? I asked.

You know, doubtless, said he, that heavy rains fall in winter.

Of course, I replied.

Well, then, let us remember that some part

of the corn will often be even covered by it, and smothered in mud, and the roots in some parts laid bare. Weeds, too, nourished by the moisture, often spring up with the corn, and choke it.

All this, said I, is likely to happen.

Do you not think, then, said he, that in this 13
case our corn already needs some assistance?

Certainly, said I.

What could be done then, do you think, to save it in this deluge of mud?

Relieve the soil of the water, said I.

And what, asked he, for the unearthing of the roots?

Fresh earth could be heaped up about them, I replied.

Well, and what, he asked, if weeds spring up 14
with the corn and choke it, by robbing it of its nourishment, just as drones, useless mouths as they are, rob bees of the honey they have toiled for, and laid up as nourishment?

Cut down the weeds, by Heaven! cried I; just as drones are destroyed out of the hive.

Well, then, said he, do not we seem to have 15
good reason for using the hoe?

By all means; and I begin to see, Ischomachus, said I, how useful it is to draw your illustrations

well. For you have quite enraged me against the weeds, by mentioning the drones,—far more than when you were talking only of the weeds themselves.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF REAPING, THRESHING, AND WINNOWING.

WELL then, continued I, after this it is likely we shall have a harvest: so teach me, if you can, something about this too. 1

Yes, said he, unless you show yourself about this too quite as learned as I. Well, the corn has to be reaped,—you know that?

Of course, replied I.

When you are reaping it, he asked, would you stand with your back or your face to the wind?

I should not face the wind, I replied, for it would be troublesome, both for eye and hand, to reap with chaff and sharp ears of corn flying into one's face.

And would you only cut off the tops, he asked, or crop it close to the ground? 2

If the stalks were short, I answered, I should cut it near the ground, that the straw may the rather be sufficient. But if long, I believe I

should do right in cutting it at the middle, that neither threshers nor winnowers may have more trouble than is necessary. But what is left in the earth when burnt will, I believe, enrich the soil; and if mixed with the manure will increase it.

3 Do you not see, Socrates, cried he, that you are caught in the act? You know, even about reaping, as much as I?

Perhaps so, said I; and I should like to find out if I understand anything about threshing too.

4 Well, said he, at any rate you know that beasts of burden thresh out the corn?

Of course, replied I.

You know, too, that all that go by the name of beasts of burden—oxen, mules, and horses—are used alike for this. Well then, continued he, do you think that they know nothing beyond this, to tread out the corn, as they are driven over it?

Yes, said I, for what more could beasts understand?

5 But whose business is it to see that they tread out what is wanted, Socrates, he asked, and that the threshing is the same all the floor over?

The drivers' business, of course, said I. For

always turning and throwing under the beasts' feet what remains untrodden, it is clear that they would keep the floor* levelled best, and get the work done soonest.

On this point, then, said he, your knowledge is equal to mine.

Well then, Ischomachus, said I, we must clear 6
the corn by winnowing.

Tell me, Socrates, said Ischomachus, do you not know that if you begin on the windward side, your chaff will be blown all over the floor?

That stands to reason, I replied.

Well then, it is likely, said he, that it will also 7
fall on to the corn.

Yes, I replied; for this is much more likely than that the chaff will fly across the corn to where the floor is empty.

But suppose one begins winnowing from the leeward side? said he.

It is clear, said I, that the chaff will fly straight into the chaff-bin.

But when you have cleared the corn, said he, 8
as far as the middle of the floor, will you go straight on winnowing the rest of it while the grain is still lying there, or first heap together the

* Adopting the reading '*τὸν δῖνον*,' the circular threshing-floor around which the beasts went, in treading out the corn.

cleared grain towards the centre,* in the smallest possible space?

By Heaven! I exclaimed, I should heap the cleared grain together, that the chaff may fly over to where the floor is empty, and that the same might not have to be winnowed twice over.

9 It seems then, Socrates, said he, you could even teach others the quickest way to clear corn!

All this, then, I replied, I understood years ago, and never knew it. I wonder whether I understand working in gold as well, and flute-playing, and painting,—and do not know it. For nobody taught me these arts any more than husbandry; but I take as much pains in watching men employed in them as in it.

10 That was why I told you at first, returned Ischomachus, that even for this reason husbandry is the most gentle art, because it is also easiest to learn.

Come then, Ischomachus, said I, surely I understood all about sowing—though I never knew it.

* Some translate πόλος 'ploughed land,'—it is difficult to see with what sense in reference to the context. Why should it not mean the pivot or centre round which the oxen rotate in the threshing-floor, where also the corn was winnowed?

CHAPTER XIX.

OF PLANTING TREES, AND ESPECIALLY VINES, OLIVES, AND FIGS. HOW THAT AGRICULTURE IS EASY TO LEARN.

1 DOES the planting of trees also, I asked, belong to the art of husbandry?

Yes, it does, replied Ischomachus.

How then, said I, could I understand the details of sowing, and yet understand nothing about planting trees?

2 Well, do not you understand anything about it? asked Ischomachus.

How should I? was my answer; I who do not know either in what kind of soil one ought to plant, nor what depth and breadth and length the holes should be dug; nor how to set the plant in the earth so that it might grow best?

3 Come, then, said Ischomachus, and learn whatever you do not understand. The sort of pits they dig for plants I am sure you have seen, said he.

Yes, often, I replied.

Well, did you ever see one deeper than three feet?

No, indeed, I replied; nor deeper than two and a half.

Well, did you ever see the breadth more than three feet?

No, indeed, said I; nor more than two.

4 Come, then, said he, answer me this too: Did you ever see their depth less than a foot?

No, indeed; nor less than a foot and a half; for digging round the plants would root them up, if they had been set so near the surface.

5 Then, Socrates, said he, you know well enough that they do not dig the pit deeper than two and a half feet, nor shallower than one and a half?

Yes, replied I, for that is too evident not to be seen.

6 Well, he resumed, can you tell dryer or moister soil when you see it?

I suppose the soil about Mount Lycabettus, and such-like, is dry, I replied; and the Phaleric Marsh, and soil like it, is wet.

7 Then would you dig your pit for planting, he asked, deeper in dry or moist ground?

In dry, by Heaven! cried I; since if you dig deep in wet ground, you would find water; and

when once the water came, there would be an end of your planting!

I think you are right, he said.

Well then, suppose your pits have been dug, do you know when to plant each kind of tree?

Certainly, said I.*

Then since you wish them to grow as quickly 8
as possible, do you think that, if you plant in soil loosened by working, the shoots of the slip will strike sooner into the soft earth, than into hard and unbroken clods?

Of course, I replied, they would sprout more quickly through loosened than through unbroken earth.

Then we ought to plant in soil that has been 9
tilled?

Undoubtedly, said I.

And do you think that the slip would take root better if the whole of it were placed standing upright; or would you place part of it bent in the earth, so as to lie like the letter L?†

In this last way, certainly; for so there would be 10
more buds in the earth: it is from the buds that I observe shoots come even when above-ground,

* The passage discussing this subject has evidently been lost from the text.

† *i.e.*, Γ ὄπτιον, or a reversed Γ.

and I suppose when below-ground the buds do likewise. For if a great number of shoots strike in the earth, I suppose the plant will grow speedily to strength.

11 So, said he, I find you know all about this too. But would you, he continued, merely heap up earth round the plant, or stamp it down very hard, as well?

I should certainly stamp it down, I said; for were it not stamped down, I know very well that such loose earth would be turned into mud by the rain; while by the sun it would be parched right through to the bottom; so that the plants would be in danger of either rotting away from the moisture, or being withered owing to the dryness and consequent looseness of the soil, which would suffer the roots to be scorched.

12 About planting vines, too, Socrates, said he, I find that we think alike.

Ought one to plant a fig tree also, I asked, in this way?

Yes, I suppose so, said Ischomachus, and all other fruit trees: for do you find any method which answers in vine-planting fail in other cases?

13 But how, I asked, are we to plant an olive, Ischomachus?

In this too you are but proving me, said he, for I know you understand it better than any one. Well, pits for olives are dug deeper, as of course you see, for they are generally by the roadsides. You see too that stakes are set by every shoot, and that there is a coating of clay over the tops and upper parts of all the plants.

Yes, I see all that, I replied.

Well, if so, said he, what is there about it 14
you do not understand? You know well enough, Socrates, continued he, how you would place the potsherd on the clay?

Why really, Ischomachus, I cried, I know well enough everything you are telling me; but I recollect why when at the first you put it all in a single question and asked me if I understood planting, I said No. It was that I did not think I could give any directions for planting; but when you began to question me on each point separately, my answers are, as you tell me, just your own opinions, clever farmer though they call you. Is 15
questioning, then, the same thing as teaching? I have only just learnt each thing about which you have been questioning me: for it is by leading me on through what I do know, and by pointing out things that are similar, but which I used to think I did not understand, that you persuade

me, I suppose, that I really understand these as well.

16 Well then, said Ischomachus, if I were to question you about a piece of silver, and say, Is this pure or not? could I persuade you that you understand how to test it, and find out whether it is pure or base? And in flute-playing, I could not persuade you—could I?—that you understand playing the flute: and so on through painting and all other arts of the kind?

Perhaps you could, said I; since you have persuaded me that I am an adept even in farming, although I am sure no one ever taught me this art.

17 No, Socrates, said he, but I told you at the very outset that husbandry is an art so courteous and so gentle, that she straightway makes those who have eyes and ears thoroughly intimate
18 with herself. For in many cases, he continued, she herself teaches how one may find in her the greatest profit. A vine, whenever there are trees near at hand, will climb them; and so we learn to support it. It spreads out its leaves, while the clusters are still tender; and we learn that at that season they must ever be shaded from the sun. And when the time has come for the clusters to be ripened by the sunshine, it sheds its leaves; and

we learn to strip it of them, so that the autumn warmth may mellow it. And then its branches are loaded with clusters, some mellowed, others yet unripe: and once again we learn to pluck them from it, just as figs, as they swell to ripeness, are gathered from the fig tree.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THAT CAREFULNESS RATHER THAN KNOWLEDGE IS THE SECRET OF TRUE SUCCESS.

1 AT this I asked, How is it, Ischomachus, if the details of farming are so easy to learn, and every man knows as well as his neighbour what has to be done,—how is it that all farmers do not meet with the same success, but some of them live in plenty, and have enough and to spare, while others are not only unable to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, but are even in debt?

2 I will tell you, Socrates, said Ischomachus. It is not knowledge, nor the want of it, that makes a farmer rich or poor; you would never hear, he 3 continued, such a report as this—that an estate has gone to ruin because the sower did not scatter the seed evenly; nor because the rows of trees were not planted straight; nor because the farmer did not know the right soil for vines, and planted

them in an unfruitful place; nor because he did not know that it was good for sowing to plough up fallow land more than once; nor because he did not know that it improved the earth to manure it. 4 Nay, but you would rather hear it said that a man has got no harvest from his estate because he is careless about his sowing and manuring; or that a man's vineyard has failed, because he does not take care in planting his vines, nor in seeing that those he has are in fit state to bear; or that a man's olives and figs have failed because he does not take care or trouble to make them succeed. This it is, Socrates, he continued, that makes the 5 success of different farmers different, much more than a fancied discovery of some clever improvement in working. So among generals, it is usually 6 not through a greater or less knowledge of tactics that some are better and others worse, but undoubtedly through greater or less carefulness. For 7 what all generals and even most private persons recognize, is fully acted upon by but few commanders. For example, they all recognize that while marching through an enemy's country, their army should be arranged so as best to fight, if need be. Well, though they all recognize this, some act accordingly, and others do not. They 8 all know that it is most important to set sentinels

before their camp both by day and night; but some take care to have it so, while others take
9 no care at all. Again, in passing through a defile, it would be very hard to find any one who did not recognize the fact that it is better to seize strong positions beforehand: but here,
10 too, some are careful, and others careless. And so every one tells you that manure is most useful for farming, and sees that it can be got naturally: and yet, while they draw clever distinctions as to how it is got, and are able easily to make plenty of it, even in this case it is only some who take care to collect it, while many take no care about
11 it at all. Again, Heaven sends down rain, and all the hollow spots become standing pools, and the soil brings forth weeds of all kinds, which must be cleared away before sowing. Now if what is thus cleared out of the way be cast into the pools, time itself would make it such as to enrich the soil. For what is there, vegetable or earth, that is not turned to manure by soaking in stag-
12 nant water? Again, when land is too moist for seed, and too bitter for planting, everybody knows the treatment that is needed;—how the water is carried off in ditches, and how the bitterness is tempered by a mixture of all manner of correctives both moist and dry; yet about this, too, some

farmers are utterly careless. But if any one be 13
altogether ignorant of what his land can bear, and if there be neither fruit nor plant to be seen upon it, and if he have nobody from whom to learn the truth about it,—is it not much easier for him to make experiment upon soil than upon a horse,—and far easier than upon a man? For the soil can in nowise dissemble; but with all simplicity it shows truly what it can and what it cannot do; whilst it very clearly points out, I fancy, 14
the bad farmers and the good, by presenting everything so that it may be easily known and learned. For husbandry is not like all other arts, in which those who do no work can excuse themselves on the ground of their ignorance; all know that the Earth treats well those who treat her well. No; in husbandry there is sure betrayal of a base mind. For that a man could live without the necessaries 15
of life, no one persuades himself; but one who knows no other profitable art, and will not dig, evidently intends to live as a thief, a robber, or a beggar,—unless he is an utter fool.

It makes a great difference in the profits of 16
farming, he continued, where there are even a great number of workmen, for one master to take some care that his labourers be at their work in good time, whilst another neglects this. For generally

one man in the gang* is marked by being at work in good time, another by leaving off work
17 too early. But if you let men work lazily on, you will find in the whole day's work a full half day's
18 difference made. It is as in making a journey of twenty-five miles, one man will sometimes outstrip another by half the distance, though both are young and strong:—but one perseveres in the walk on which he has started; while the other, in the slothfulness of his heart, is ever resting and looking about him by fountains and under the
19 shade, courting the gentle breeze. So in farm work, there is great difference in the amount done by those who do the work that has been set them, and those who do not, but are always finding excuses for not working, and are allowed
20 to be lazy. There is as much difference between a good workman and an inattentive one as there is between industry and utter idleness. For instance, when, in digging to clear vines from weeds, your workmen so dig that the weeds afterwards grow all the more rankly, how could you say
21 that such labour was not vain? Estates then are far more often ruined by this kind of thing than by extreme ignorance. For if, when all the

* "παρὰ τοὺς δεκά." Greek and Roman slaves worked in gangs of ten.

household expenses are going on in full, the labour done brings in no profit to defray them, it is no longer any wonder if want takes the place of plenty. Those however who can be 22
careful, and who diligently attend to farming, make most effectual profit out of it; and this was my father's constant aim and lesson to me. For he would never let me buy a well-tilled parcel of ground; but advised me to buy one which through neglect or through its possessor's want of means was lying unproductive and untilled. For well- 23
tilled estates, he would say, are both dear to buy, and incapable of increasing value; and without this increase in value, they did not give so much pleasure in their cultivation; indeed our greatest delight, he thought, in everything that we have or hold, is in its continual improvement. Nothing then is capable of such increase as a piece of land, which, after long lying idle, is reclaimed to fertility. For be assured, Socrates, continued 24
he, that I have often before now made a plot of land worth many times its original value. This device, Socrates, he said, is of so great worth, and yet so easy to learn, that after hearing it this once you will go away as wise about it as I am; and able, if you desire, to teach it to others also. My father did not learn it from 25

any one, nor did it even take much reflection to discover it; but it was through his love of farming and of work, as he said, that he set his heart upon such a plot of ground, that he might at the same
26 time have occupation, profit, and pleasure. For, I believe, Socrates, he concluded, that my father had a greater natural bent for farming than any man in Athens.

On hearing this, I asked him, Did your father, Ischomachus, keep all the plots of land that he improved, or sell them, if a good price were offered him?

Why truly he sold them, replied Ischomachus; but he would at once buy more land, and that untilled, just for the pleasure of work.

27 From what you say, Ischomachus, said I, your father was in reality just as fond of farming as merchants are of corn. For it is their exceeding love of corn that makes merchants sail to wherever they hear there is most of it; and cross the Ægean,
28 Euxine, and Sicilian seas; and then when they have got as much as they can, they bring it across the sea, stored in the very ship in which they themselves sail. And whenever they want money, they are not likely to throw away their corn at the first opportunity; but wherever they hear that corn is dearest and most thought of by the

inhabitants, thither they carry it, and sell it there. And this, perhaps, was the way in which your father loved farming.

Ah, Socrates, replied Ischomachus, you are but 29
jesting! but I think we ought quite as much to call those lovers of building who build houses and sell them, only to build others.

By Heaven, Ischomachus, I replied, I swear I heartily believe you that all men naturally love whatever they think to their profit!

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THAT THE ART OF MANAGING MEN IS DIFFICULT OF ATTAINMENT, AND IN SOME MEASURE GIVEN OF GOD.

1 I AM thinking, Ischomachus, said I, how well you have brought up the whole train of your argument to support your statements. For you stated that the art of husbandry was the easiest of all to learn; and now I have been quite persuaded by all you have said that it is undoubtedly so.

2 But really, Socrates, said Ischomachus, I quite agree with you that in the one thing common to all these pursuits, to husbandry, and state government, economy, and war,—that is, in the manage-
3 ment of men, some have more wit than others. It is so in a galley at sea, he continued; whenever the crew are obliged to make voyages of whole days over the ocean, some coxswains * can do and say just what spurs the spirits of their men to

* κελευστής. 'Coxswain' is scarcely an equivalent for this word, the duty of the Greek κελευστής being to mark time for the rowers by shouting or by signs.

willing labour; while others are so dull that they take more than double the time to accomplish the same voyage. And the first crew, coxswain and men, go ashore all in a sweat, congratulating each other: while the second come lazily in, hating their officer as much as he hates them. Among generals too, he continued, there is the 4
same difference: for some can only show troops unready either for labour or for danger, careless of discipline and unwilling to obey it, except when forced to do so; nay, even proud of thwarting their commanders' wishes: such are the officers that produce soldiers, who, whatever disgrace befall them, feel no sense of shame. On the other hand, noble, good, and wise officers 5
will make those very troops, with many more, ashamed to do anything disgraceful; convinced that discipline is best for them; delighted to show obedience individually; and when they must all work together, working with thorough goodwill. But just as we sometimes see in individuals 6
an unwonted willingness to work, so too may we see in a whole army also, when under the command of good officers, a love of work produced, and an ambition among the men that they may be seen by their officers doing some deed of honour. And officers whose men are so 7

disposed toward them, they at all events get great power; not those indeed, by Heaven, who of all their soldiers are most careful of their strength; not those who hurl the javelin, or shoot best of all, nor those who have the best horse, so that they can lead cavalry or targeteers to the charge; but those who can make their troops feel that they must follow their leader through fire and flood and
8 every kind of danger. Officers, then, such as these whom great numbers follow in this conviction, we should be right in calling powerful minds; he may truly be said to march with a strong arm, whose mind so many arms are ready to obey; and really great is that man who can do grander deeds by might of mind than by any strength of body.
9 And so too in the duties of private life, if rule be in the hands of steward or overseer, it is he who is able to make the labourers willing and diligent at their work, and to keep them to it,—he, and such as he, are the men who bring every duty to a happy completion, and make the profit of
10 it great. And when the master comes afield, Socrates, he continued, with his absolute power to punish bad workmen and to reward the diligent, if they do not show unwonted exertions, I should have no high opinion of him: but if his coming urge them on work, and instil into each of them

spirit and emulation and ambition, which is the most powerful spur to every one, I should say that there was about him some character of true royalty. And this is most important, as I believe, in every 11
work in which men are engaged, and not least in agriculture. But verily I no longer say that this power can be learnt from seeing it once exercised or from hearing it once described; nay, I assure you that one who desires it has need of long training and of a noble nature from the first his own,—yes, and of that greatest gift, a spark of Inspiration. And 12
this power of managing men so that they are willing to be ruled, is, I think, a blessing not human, but divine; nor can we doubt that it is given to those alone that have been perfected in true goodness. But lordship over rebel subjects, as it seems to me, Heaven gives to none but those whom it thinks deserving to live in constant fear of their end;—a life like that which Tantalus, with the terror of a second death hanging over him, is fabled to drag out in Hades' realms for ever.*

* Compare Pindar (Ol. i. 98), who states that Tantalus, having stolen nectar and ambrosia from the tables of the gods, was by them condemned in Hades to the terror of a rock suspended over his head, ever threatening to crush him by its fall. The better-known story of his punishment is given in Homer, Odyssey xi. 581 (Pope):—

"There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds) . . . .

When to the water he his lips applies,
Back from his lips the treacherous water flies;
Above, beneath, around his hapless head
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread, ...
The fruit he strives to seize, but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and waft it to the skies."

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